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*Will. Soomers.*



*Archee*



*T.K.*

ENGLAND'S  
JESTS  
REFIND  
AND  
IMPROVD



*Amner.*



*Capt. Hicks.*



*Poor. Robin*



*Head.*

*Spectation admist Risum teneatis Amici*

*London Printed for John Carris at y<sup>e</sup> Harrow in y<sup>e</sup>*  
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ENGLAND's  
JESTS

Refin'd and Improv'd  
Being a Choice

COLLECTION  
OF THE

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tee's, Wittiest Sayings, and most  
Notable Bulls, yet Extant  
with many New Ones, never  
before Printed.

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Man's DIVERSION, and the Melancholy-  
Man's PHYSICK and RECREATION.

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*The Second Edition with Additions*

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Calculated for the Innocent spending of the  
Winter Evenings, By H. C.

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*Semel in Anno Rider Apollo. Horat.*

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London, Printed for John Harris, at the Harrow against  
the Church in the Poultry. 1687.

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Price Bound One Shilling.



**LICENS'd,**  
**And Entred According to Order.**

*T*  
*wer*  
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*her*  
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*ric*  
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# The Preface to the READER.

READER,

**A**S I know and own Plain-Dealing to be a Jewel, so I were much to blame if I did not use it with You: Therefore as a taste thereof, there were Two Reasons that chiefly induc'd me to compile this small Piece, and which I propos'd to my self as the End thereof, viz. Your Pleasure, and my own Profit. For let Men pretend what they will for their Scribling, as the Information, Instruction, or Obligation of their Friends and Countreymen, with twenty other Reasons given for it; must beg their Pardons if I can't

## To the Reader.

*screw up my Faith to believe 'em :  
For 'tis too plain that Interest  
sways the World, and that all sorts  
and degrees of Men, even from the  
Courtier to the Cobler, are its Vo-  
taries. You will not then admire if  
I propos'd it to my self ; nor do I  
think that I stood in need of a Pre-  
face to convince you of it : But Cu-  
stom calling for one, a Book being  
without it (as our Modern Wits say)  
Like a House without a Porch, or  
a Play without a Prologue, &c. Tho'  
I must confess I am no great admi-  
rer of Prefaces, looking upon 'em, I  
mean the Generality of 'em, ( for  
there are some that are Concise, Pi-  
thy and Instructive ) to be for the  
most part Impertinent, Superfluous  
and little to the purpose ; stuf't with  
Flattery and Ostentation, and ma-  
ny times excessive long and tedious  
like too much Ceremony before  
good Feast ; which by its long  
travailing a man, palls his Appetite.  
Notwithstanding which, I was w-*

## To the Reader.

ling to give you some short account of this Book ; which you will find to be a choice Collection of the Merriest Fests, &c. ( as you may see in the Title Page, to which I refer you ) Extracted from the several Authors that have written on those Subjects ; Wherein their Gold is separated from their Dross, their Unpolite Ones are Refin'd, their long and tedious Ones Retrench'd, their Old Ones render'd Modern, and those unworthy an Ingenious Man's Reading, wholly left out ; The Composure thereof, having cost me no small Care and Pains, as you may judge ; that not only the reading over, but Critical Examination of the several Books written ( as aforesaid ) on those Subjects, must needs amount to. But perhaps some carping Zoilus, or severe Cato, will either blame the Composure of these Fests, or utterly deny the usefulness of any. As to the first, I leave it to your Candor to judge of

To the Reader.

*it, knowing that if you come to delight your Self with Ingenious Fancies, and not to Carp, you may find some in this Collection of the Choicest, that may answer your Expectation: But if there still remain any that ought to be Expung'd, pass'em by; and let the Merits of the Majority atone for their Defects. To the latter Objection against all manner of Jest, I think Example and Authority will be a sufficient Apology, especially since they do not interfere with Religion, or good Manners. But I leave the whole to your perusal; Hoping that as I have done what lay in my Power, to contribute to your Pleasure and Delight, so you will do your part, and show your kind acceptance thereof in buying it, especially when you may have it at so Reasonable a Rate as One Shilling.*

Farewell,

H. C.

England's



# ENGLAND'S JESTS

*Refin'd and Improv'd.*

I.

**A** *Pelles* the Famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horseback, and presented it to him, he gave it not that Praise that so Exquisite a Piece deserved; whereupon *Apelles* desir'd a Living Horse might be brought, who seeing the Picture, fell to Pawing and Neighing, taking it to be a real Rival: Upon which *Apelles* ingeniously told that Great Emperour, *That his Horse understood Painting better then He.*



2.

An Ignorant Countrey-man coming to Town, went to *Covent-Garden*, to a Gentleman to whom he was directed; who out of civility to the Countrey man, shew'd him what was remarkable thereabouts, as the *Piazza's*, and several Persons of Qualities stately Houses: At length he came to the Church, and the Countrey-man pointing to it, asked the Gentleman whose House that was? He told him it was the *Lord of Hosts*: The Countrey-man having never heard of such a Lord before, reply'd, *It was some Scotch Lord, he'd warrant him.*

3.

A Gentleman of *Grays-Inn* last last Winter, desir'd another of the same *Inn* to lend him *Bakers Chronicle* for an hour or two: He sent him word, That he could not spare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd to come thither, he might use it all day there. Not long after, the other Gentleman desir'd him to lend him his Bellows; he sent him word, *He could not spare them out of his Chamber but if he pleas'd to come thither he might use them all day long there.*



4.

A Mayor of a certain Corporation dining with the Aldermen his Brethren; after Dinner, to shew his Loyalty, began his Majesties health on one Knee, and presented it to one of the Aldermen, whom he imagin'd to be no great Admirer of Health-Drinking; The Alderman took the Glass, and pledg'd him on both Knees; which the rest of his Brethren observing, the Loyal Mayor was not a little concern'd to be out-done (as he thought) by the Alderman, and ask'd him why he did it not as he had begun it, on one Knee? *Why truly (says the Alderman) one Knee was in Honour of the King, and the other to ask God Forgiveness for so doing: What, (says the Mayor) for doing the King Honour? No (says he) not for that, but because I pledg'd a Health on that which I ought to pray on.*

5.

A Spaniard and a Frenchman meeting in Covent-Garden, after the usual Complements pass'd between them, fell to disputing about Religion; *Why (quoth the Spaniard) will you contend with us about Religion? There are more Saints in Spain then I have Hairs on-*

A 3

my

my Beard: And there are more in France (said the Frenchman) then I have Hairs on my Head and Beard too. Then said the Spaniard, let the contest be thus decided, I will pull a Hair off your Beard, for every Saint I name; and you shall pluck one off mine, for every Saint you name: So the Frenchman began, and pull'd one off the Spaniard's Beard, crying St. Dennis; then the Spaniard doing the like, said St. Ignace: The Frenchman pulling another, cry'd St. Martin; the Spaniard, St. Xavier; the Frenchman, St. Louis; the Spaniard, St. Terefe; the Frenchman, St. Clotilde; the Spaniard, St. Ifidore; the Frenchman, St. Bun; the Spaniard pulling two at once, cry'd, St. Cosme and St. Phillip; the Frenchman resolving to be reveng'd, pluck'd off a whole Mustache, saying, The Eleven Thousand Virgins: Upon this, the Contest ended; the Spaniard not being able to endure or parallel so great a number.

6.

A Countrey-fellow thatching a House, had an arch Boy to serve him with Straw; now there comes by a great Hog, and turns up his Head,

as

as if he were listening; says the Thatcher then to the Boy, *What does that Hog think now?* O ( says the witty Rogue ) *I'll warrant you he's hatching of Mischief:* And while he was busie at his work on the Ladder, the Boy hunted the Hog just towards it, and justling against it, down came the Ladder, and Man and all: *Pox on you,* says this Blockhead to the Hog, 'tis true as the honest Boy said, *you were hatching of Mischief indeed;* for I think my Shoulder's out; and if ever I thatch for any Body hereafter, I'll make my Bargain with them, that they shall all tye up their Hogs.

7.

Two young Scholars travelling from *Roan* to *Paris*, met a Countrey fellow riding upon an Ass, which brayed in such a manner, as if he had been over-joy'd to be in such learned Company: These Students thinking to put a trick on the Fellow, said, *Friend, why do you let your Brother cry so? Can't you find out some way to still and quiet him?* The Fellow, who was none of the dullest of the Parish that he dwelt in, answered, *My Ass, Sirs, is so extremely pleas'd to meet with his*  
*Rela-*

*Relations and Old Acquaintance, that he cou'd do no less than sing a Song of mirth and merry glee, in testimony of your hearty Welcom to him.*

8.

One told a Gentleman, That he wou'd willingly marry, but he wou'd have a Wife that is perfectly good : To whom the Gentleman reply'd, *That if none but such a one wou'd serve his turn, he must bespeak her, for there was no such ready made.*

9.

Two young Students were in a deep dispute about the Man in the Moon, whether he was a Gentleman or a Citizen ; and after a great many *Pro's* and *Con's* between them, one of them very wittily solv'd it thus : *When the Moon was at Full, then there was a Gentleman in her ; but when she appear'd with two Horns, then he might swear there was a Cit in her.*

10.

Three Souldiers talking together, were over-heard by a Courtier to say thus : One said, *Had he a Thousand Pounds, he should be happier then the King ;* the other said, *Were he a Captain under the King, he should be happier then*  
*he ;*

he; the third said, *That had he one  
 Nights Lodging with the Queen, he  
 should be the happiest man in the World.*  
 The Courtier related this to the King,  
 and his Majesty (for Divertisement)  
 sent for the three Souldiers the next  
 day before him; and commanded  
 them to tell him what they said the  
 night before at such a time. The first,  
 fearing the Kings Displeasure, said,  
*That he had indeed rashly said, That*  
*if he had a thousand Pounds, he should*  
*be as happy as the King;* so the King  
 commanded a Thousand Pounds should  
 be given him: The Second begg'd  
 his Majesties Pardon for his bold say-  
 ing, *That had he a Captains Command*  
*under him, he should be as happy as he;*  
 then the King confer'd that honoura-  
 ble Office upon him. Then the third  
 fell upon his Knees, imploring his Ma-  
 jesties Pardon, for that he had said,  
*That if he lay one Night with the Queen,*  
*he should be the happiest man in the World.*  
 Well, said the King, *that is not in my*  
*Power to grant; but if you can get her*  
*consent, you shall have mine.* So he  
 brought him before his Queen, and  
 told his Petition; but the Queen, to  
 shew that our desires ought to be plac-  
 ed

ced on suitable Objects, caus'd him to be soundly whipt.

11.

A witty young Fellow was try'd for his Life, since his Majesties Restauration; and being cast, they told him he must be hang'd: But he pleaded in his own defence a long time; at last desir'd the Judge, *That if he must be hang'd, he might be hang'd after the new way that Oliver was, three or four years after he was dead.*

12.

One that was advis'd to marry a Widow, reply'd, That they were too Politick a Generation for him; which he prov'd by Similies: *Many Voyages (said he) make an expert Seaman, many Offices, a Crafty Knave; and many Marriages, a Cunning False Widow.*

13.

A Justice of Peace overtaking a Parson upon the Road, between London and Bam, told his Company that he would put a Trick upon him; and so coming up to him, said, Sir, *You don't follow your Masters Rule, for he was content with an Ass, but you have a very fine Horse:* The Parson reply'd, *The*

## Refin'd and Improv'd 9

The Reason was, *because the King had made so many Asses Justices, that a Clergy-man could not get one to Ride on.*

14.

A young Gentleman of the Temple, left a Note in the Keyhole of his Chamber-door, thus, *I am gone to the Devil; but if you cannot Read, carry it to the Stationers at the Gate, and he will do it for you.*

15.

A Rich Man, in the Countrey, who was never thought to be one of Solomon's Off-spring, went with his Wife to see a Child of his at Nurse; when he came, he very wisely ask'd the Nurse whether she was a Maid or Married? she reply'd she was Married; says he, *I'll have no Married Woman, I'll have a Maid to be my Child's Wet-Nurse: Truly Sir; says she, then you had best bespeak one at London, for we have no such ready made here in the Countrey.*

16.

A Valiant Fellow who had been in the West, was met by a Gentleman here, who ask'd him what Exploit he had done there? he answer'd, *That he had cut off one of the Rebels Armes; the*  
Gen



Gentleman reply'd, *That it had been something if he had cut off his Head: O* (said he) *you must consider his Head was off before.*

17.

When *Metellus Nepos* ask'd the famous *Roman* Orator, in a jeering way, who was his Father? he reply'd, *Your Mother has made that Question harder for you to Answer.*

18.

A Rich Blade, that was a very great Eater, came to a Gentleman's House to Court his Daughter: the Gentleman out of Civility, desir'd him to stay and Dine with him, which he did, and Eat very heartily: after Dinner, he began to speak to the Lady about the matter, and having utter'd several Expressions of his Passion; he protested that he lov'd her as his own Soul; to whom she wittily reply'd, *But not so well as your Body, Sir.*

19.

A Gentleman coming into *London* out of the *Countrey*, as he came by *Stepny* Church his Horse threw him, which a young Gentlewoman seeing, fell a Laughing: the Gentleman being angry that she jeer'd him, said, *Pray*  
ad.



## Refin'd and Improb'd. 11

*admire not at this, Madam; my Horse  
always stumbles when he sees a Whore.  
To which she answer'd merily, Have  
a care then, Sir; for if you ride into the  
City, you'll break your Neck.*

10.

*A sharpening Scholar of King's Colledge  
in Oxford, being in the Kitchin, and  
seeing the Cook take up a Plumb-pud-  
ding out of the Pot, watching his op-  
portunity, while the Cook's back was  
turn'd; he whipt up the pudding into  
his own Chamber: which the Cook  
presently missing, runs up into the  
Scholars Chamber, and search'd all  
about for it, but could not find it;  
the Scholar swore it was not in his  
Chamber (though the Cook smelt it)  
for he had ingeniously hung it out of  
his Window, which when the Cook  
was gone, he pull'd in, and eat as  
ingeniously*

21.

*One desiring a pretty Maid to go to  
a Gentleman and kiss him, Nay Sir  
(says she very wittily) I'll ne're go to  
Market for that Ware which I can have  
brought home to my Door.*

22.

*At the Battel of Newport, the Prince  
of*

of Orange having the Spanish Army before him, and the Sea behind him, said to his Souldies, *Gentlemen, if you have a mind to live, you must do one of these two things; either eat those Spaniards, or drink up this Sea.*

23.

*A London Scrivener dying in Cambridge, a merry Fellow writ thus over him: Know all men by these presents, That I that have bound so many, am now bound fast my self, by a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, whose Name's Mr. Death, who brought me my last Sheet, and to my last full point. And though I was never Guilty of any great Wickedness, yet I often made many a blot, which my Daughter Pen was the occasion of: I gave no bad Example to any, but good Copies to all: I was not unlearn'd neither, because I always dealt in good Letters, and was a Justice of Peace in my own dominions; and though I could not hang (except an Arle sometimes, when my own money was to be Paid) yet I cou'd draw: I made all Bond-men but my Apprentices, for those I made Free: And after I had finish'd all my Letters, this*  
Mr.

Mr. *Death* threw some dust upon 'em, and as I was making Bonds, assaulted me with Bills, and at last Seal'd the Letters of my Eyes quite up, and then sent me away to my long-home.

24.

A *Welsh*-man that was condemn'd to be Hang'd, just before he was to be turn'd off, the Hang-man ask'd him if he had any thing to say; he answer'd he had a desire to speak with some of his Countrey-men, before he died (if there were any there) so the Hang-man call'd to know if there were any there he shou'd hold up his Hand. It so happened that there was one there, so the Hang-man told him that the poor man wou'd speak with him; so he drew near, and the *Welsh*-man ask'd him if he knew such and such in *Wales*, he replied he did; Then, says the *Welsh*-man, you know my Father and Mother, who I am certain will be very sorry to hear of my misfortune; but pray, to comfort them, tell them that I dye a very good Christian, and am inform'd that I shall go to Heaven, and I hope they will follow me thither the same way.

25. When

25.

When *Charles the Bald* was Emperour and King of *France*, one *Johannes Erigena* a Scots man, for his great Learning had the honour to sit at Table with the Emperour; but being very ungentiel in his behaviour, the Emperour ask'd him, *Quid interest inter Scotum & Sotum?* Which in English is, *What's the difference between a Scot, and a Sot?* To which he readily, (but rudely) answer'd, *Mensa*; that is *The Table*: thereby calling the King Sot, by craft.

26.

Another time this *Johannes*, who was but of little Stature, din'd at the King's Table, with two other Scholars who were tall men. The Emperor set him a Dish with two great Fishes and one small one, bidding him divide them between himself and the two Schollars; whereupon *Johannes* took the two large Fishes and laid them on his own Plate, and gave the small one to the two Scholars. The Emperor smiling, said, *In faith Mr. Johannes you are no equal Divider: That's your Highnesses mistake* (said he) and pointing to himself and the two great Fishes,

## Refin'd and Improb'd. 15

Fishes, said, *Here are two great, and one little; and on the other side, is one little, and two great.*

27.

One going in the dark, held both his Arms out to save his face, and coming accidentally against the door, which it seems stood slanting out, he hit his Nose a good blow against it, *Hey ho,* says he, *I never thought my Nose was longer then my Arms till now; but if ever I go in the Dark again, I'll have a Candle in my hand.*

28.

A noted Countrey Gentleman blaming a Comickall Poet for bringing a leud debauch'd Ruffian on the stage, and so gave bad example to young men, *Truly, Sir, (said he) I brought such a man on, but I hang'd him before he went off, and so gave them a good example.*

29.

An Englishman and his Wife lodging at a Frenchmans house in *Paris*, the Englishman's Wife cried out in the night; so he ran up stairs to acquaint the midwife who lay there, of his wives condition, and went down to inform his Lanlord and Lanlady of it;  
so

so he stood by their bed side shivering in his shirt, for it was in a cold winter night; but could not speak French, and so had much ado to make them understand him; at last he did: his Landlady pitying him, said to her husband, *Prethee, my Dear, let him come into Bed to us, and lye till day light, seeing it is so cold, and that he cannot in Civility go into his own Chamber; you need not fear any thing since you are in Bed with me:* so he consented to it, and the Englishman came and lay down on the other side of the Woman; the Frenchman being tir'd soon fell fast asleep, the Englishman presently grew warm, and began to caress the Frenchwoman; the motion of the bed, which was caus'd by their amorous engagement, wak'd her husband, he call'd out, *Wife, Wife, what are you doing? Why what would you have me do,* said she, *if I should speak to him, you know he can't understand a word of our Language.*

30.

A Countrey Gentleman being at Dinner in London, with several Gentlemen of his acquaintance, one of them whose Name was *Chambers*, thinking to put

put a Joque upon him, ask'd him why he wou'd not live in *London* in the Winter, where he might find all sorts of Company to fit his humour? *I wou'd Sir, says he, if I cou'd find a House fit for my turn.* Says Chambers, I can help you to one that has three Rooms of a Floor, but 'tis built of Wood. Where is it, says the Gentleman? Says he, at Tyburn: *'Tis true indeed,* says the Gentleman, *'tis a convenient House, and stands in a good Air: for it will quickly Cure a Man of all Diseases, and for a House that is but one Story high, 'tis a very good one, and wants nothing in it but Chambers*

31.

An extravagant young Heir, having sold all his Lands to maintain his Debauchery, fell Sick and sent for a Physician; who perceiving that his Distemper arose from ill humours, contracted by his Intemperance, order'd him to be let Blood, and coming to see it, he told him it was very green. *Alas Sir, says he, how can it be otherwise, when I have Eaten up all my Meadows and Corn-fields.*

32.

A Doctor of Divinity, that had  
a good



a good Estate, and no Child, resolv'd to make himself memorable to posterity, by some publick Charity; and so order'd a Cause-way to be made to a Market-Town, for the security of Travellers in the Fenny-Country. As the Labourers were at Work, the Doctor being there to oversee them, a Noble-Man came by, who had no great esteem for Men of his Coat, and said jeeringly, *Doctor, for all the Cost you have been at, I don't think this is the way to Heaven. I am of your mind* (quoth the Doctor) *for then I could not have expected to meet your Lordship here.*

33.

A Quaker being in Bed with his Wife, in the middle of the Night she pull'd him, saying thus *Awake, Ebenezer, awake: What say'st thou the Wife of my Bosom, says he? Arise quickly,* says she, *and go into the next Room, and nigh unto the place that pays Tribute to Cæsar, there standeth a Wicker-Chair, thereon hangeth my Red Petticoat; take from thence two Farthings, and go to our Friend Theophilus the Tallow Chandler, and buy therewith two Candles; light one of them, and spring in hastily, for I fear*



feare our youngest Son Aminadab has  
Besh.t himself

24.

A Constable carrying a bigbelly'd  
wench before a Justice, said to him;  
*An't please your Worship I have brought  
you a maid with Child: whereupon the  
wench call'd him Fool and Knave;*  
being reprov'd by the Justice, she  
answer'd thus: *Sir, this Constable  
must be one of them; for if I am a  
Maid, he is a Fool to think I can be  
with Child: and if I am not with Child,  
he is a Knave for s-ying so.*

36.

Two Gentlemen quarrelling, the  
one gave the other a Challenge to  
meet him at Six a Clock the next  
morning at such a place upon his ho-  
nour: *Hang Honour,* says the other,  
*for we both are but Worshipful; and  
you know 'tis not my custom, and I know  
'tis not yours neither, to rise before Eleven  
or Twelve a Clock; therefore pray let us  
consider whether we shou'd break our Rest  
to break our Limbs.* The other told  
him, *If he did not meet him, he'd Post  
him: Well,* said he to him, *if you do,  
I'll ride Post out of Town, and stay  
there till your furie's over.*

B

37 An

37.

An Oxford Scholar going along Fleet-street, was met by a huffing Fop, who thrusting between the wall and him, jostl'd him almost to the Kennel, saying ( with a no-Sir-Courtly-Face ) *I don't use to give the Wall to every Saw-ney Loggerhead* : To whom the Scholar, with Cap in hand, replied smartly, *But I do.*

38.

A Proper Tall Gentleman that had married a very little Woman to his Wife, being ask'd the reason of it, he replied, *That of all Evils, it was always the best to choose the least.*

39.

A Countrey man coming up to London, a little after the rebuilding of it, to see a Friend who made great Complaint of his own particular loss, as well as of the loss of so stately a City: *As for your own loss,* says the Countrey man, *I am very sorry for it, but as for the Loss of your City, I can't tell what to say; for who would be troubled to have a good new suit for an old one?*

40.

An Arch Wag speaking of the late dreadful Fire of London. said, *Can-*

non

non-street roar'd, Wood-street was burnt to Ashes, Bread-street was burnt to a Coal, Pie-corner was over-bak'd, and Snow-hill was melted down.

41.

An old Gentleman was chid by a neighbour for marrying a young Girl; to whom he replied, *She'll be a Woman to morrow; for, says he, Wives are young mens Mistresses, Middle-ag'd mens Companions, and old mens Nurses; and will you blame a man to have a Nurse in his old Age?* No, says he, I don't blame you for having a Nurse, but for your not Providing for Heaven; but that your Wife must do, *for says he, Don't you know whither all Cuckolds go? O, says the old Gentleman, Now you put me in mind on't, 'tis true; for I have heard your Wife say some years ago, That she was sure her husband would go to Heaven; and now I find which way; and mum for that, my dear neighbour too.*

42.

A Highway-man being to be hang'd in a Countrey Town, Order was sent to the Carpenter to make a Gallows; which he neglecting to do, the exe-

cution was forc'd to be defer'd, for which the Judge was not a little angry, who sending for the Carpenter, ask'd him why he had not done it? *Why Sir,* said he, *I have done two or thrice already, but was never paid for them; but had I known it had been for your Worship, I wou'd have left all other business to have done it.*

43.

One ask'd a Gentleman if he'd venture any thing at the Lottery this Fair, and what he won, his Wife shou'd have for her fairing? *No,* says the Gentleman, *for there's not one in forty has any luck but Cuckolds;* which his sweet Wife hearing, said, *Dear Husband, Pray venture, for I'm sure you'll have good luck.*

44.

A silly Fellow hearing a Lady's servants call her *Madam*, at every word, he thought to be more mannerly than they, and therefore made an Addition of *Mistress* to it, saying, *Mistress Madam, an't please your Ladiship.*

45.

One that had a confounded Scold to his Wife, being continually tormented with the perpetual Clack of her Tongue,

## Refin'd and Improb'd 43

Tongue, wish'd one day, *That she was in Heaven*; she knowing thereby that he had a mind to be rid of her, in a great rage told him, *She had rather see him hang'd first.*

46.

A Lords Son in the North, that was much addicted to the Pleasures of *Venus*, haunted all the pretty Girls thereabouts, but especially one above the rest, that was a very handsome Maid, and a Farmers Daughter who was his Father's Tenant; which gave him the more liberty of Courting her; and having Importun'd her very much, yet she would not grant: At last he promis'd her Marriage, and thereby had the pleasure of Enjoyment: But his Father and Mother fearing that he would make up a Match with the Farmers Daughter, by going so often thither, sent to another Lord that liv'd five Miles off, to Treat with him for his Daughter, who was a pretty Woman also, for his Son. So they soon agree'd, and the Marriage day was appointed, and the Young Blade was Riding with his Man to the Bride-House; but the Farmer and his Daughter had way-laid him. The Farmer

ask'd him, *What satisfaction he shou'd have for the wrong he had done his Daughter?* Well, says he, *There's forty Guineys for you, and I'll give you a Bond, to make it up a hundred Pounds, to be paid in three Months, if you'll be contented.* So the Bond was making under the Hedg, and the People at the Bride-House admiring at his stay, sent one to see; who when he came, found him Indenting with the Farmer and his Daughter under the Hedg. So when he had done, he Rid away to the Bride-House as fast as he could Gallop, and soon after was Married to the Lady; and when they were abed together, he began to Kiss her: *Pray,* says she, *resolve me one Question first: What made you under the Hedg with the Farmer & his Daughter so long?* Why, says he, *that does not concern you at all.* Well, says she, *I will know, or else you and I shall be at a distance:* Why then, says he, *if you won't be angry, I'll tell you.* Well, I will not, says she, *let it be what it will.* Why then, says he, *I got the Farmers Daughter with Child, and she was such a Fool to tell her Father of it.* So she was by my Troth, says she, *for my Fathers Man got me with Child about Twelvemonth*

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*Twelvemonth ago, and you are the first that ever I told of it.*

47.

An Ignorant Fellow, having got in to be Reader in a Countrey-Church; the first Chapter of *Mathew* being appointed to be Read, which contains the Genealogy, and is full of hard Names: He began with *Abraham begat Isaac*, and so read on three or four more, till he was quite nonplus'd; but casting his Eyes forward, *And so*, says he, *they begat one another to the end of the Chapter.*

48.

A Knight in *Northampton-shire*, that had three Sons, and no great Estate, told his youngest Son that he must needs bind him an Apprentice, and bid him chuse his Trade. The Boy being of a smart and ingenious temper, told his Father he'd be a Tanner. Push, says he, that's a nasty Trade: That's true, says he; but yet 'tis the most convenient Trade for me of any; because you have but a little to give me, and *three Hides will set me up*. What Hides are those, says his Father? *Why Sir*, Reply'd the Boy, *Yours and my two Brothers.*

B 4

49. An



49.

An Impudent Fellow having several Indictments brought against him, the Judge seeing the Notoriousness of his Crimes, said, *Sirrah, if you ben't Hang'd, I'll be Hang'd for you: To whom the Rogue Reply'd, I thank your Honour, for your kind Offer; pray be not out of the way when that time comes.*

50.

A Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, hearing of the Death of his Father, in the Countrey, was not a little concern'd, as not knowing how he had left his Estate. An Intimate Friend of his seeing him, said, *Chear up, Jack; if your Father has left you a good Estate, you have no great cause to grieve; and if he has given you nothing, wh'd grieve for such a Father?*

51.

A Ranting Bully Drinking a Health to a Sober Man, he refus'd to Pledge him; upon which he wish'd this Curse might light upon him, *That in a dark and cold Rainy Night, he were set upon a r'd Jade, bare Ridg'd, in a dirty Lane, with a Pocky Whore behind him, and his own Bones rotten, and seven Miles from any House, not knowing one step*



step of the way, and with never a Penny in his Purse, both Hungry and Thirsty. Hold Sir, says the Man, there's enough already : I thank you for your good wishes ; but hope in a little time you'll enjoy 'em all your self.

52.

An Arch Fellow in Oxford, took a great many Rams horns in his Basket, and went about the City with them, crying, *Fair Cherries in Winter* ; this made many People call to him, and amongst the rest a Lawyer, who seeing his Ware, laught at him, saying, You fool, who do you think will buy your Horns of you ? O Sir, replied he, *Though you are provided, yet I may meet with some that are not.*

53.

A Gentleman told his Cook that he would dine on a Venison Pasty, and so order'd him to provide one ; which he did, with two or three other dishes preliminary to it. So when the dinner was ready, he brought it up in order ; the first dish was a good Surlain of Beef, which he set upon the Table before the Gentleman, which as soon as the Cooks back was turn'd, he took and threw out of the Window ; then

the Cook brought up the second Course, which was a Leg of Mutton and Colly-flowers, which he sent out of the Window after the other; then the Cook brought up the Venison Pastty, and threw it out of the Window, after the other two dishes; which his Master storming at him for, ask'd him the reason of it, says he, *I thought your Worship intended to dine below, because you sent the dishes down.*

54.

Two Persons who had no great kindness for one another, were invited to dinner together with a Knight, who had a mind to be merry. Now they were both pretty witty; but one was slovenly, and the other spruce and neat: the spruce man was there first, and when the other came, he ran to the door to salute him and conduct him in, and thinking to make a Jest on his uncourtly habit, started back, saying, *I thought to have met a worthy Doctor; but I doubt in his stead I accost a Butcher.* The Doctor (who very well understood Repartee's) answer'd, *Sir, I can't blame you for being surpriz'd, because 'tis natural for horned Beasts to dread the Butcher:* which to one married

ried under Capricorn, was a very close Repartee.

55.

One held a Paradox, that *Wise men were the greatest Lyers*, ; for says he, the Proverb says, *Children and Fools speak Truth.*

56:

A certain Person speaking unseemly words before a Gentlewoman, she ask'd him what Profession he was of? *Madam*, says he, *I'm a Civil Lawyer.* *Alas*, Sir, replied she then, *If Civil Lawyers are such rude People, I wonder what other Lawyers are.*

57.

Socrates being ask'd why he suffered so much brawling from his Wife: says he, *Why do you suffer so much heckling of your Hens? Because they lay Eggs*, says he. *And I from my Wife*, reply'd Socrates, *because she bears Children.*

58.

At a Market Town in Sommer-  
shire there liv'd a Quaker that was a Barber, to whom the Parson of the Parish came, demanding Fifteen Shillings of him for Tythe; The Quaker told him he ow'd him none, nor none wou'd he pay him: He told him 'twas his  
duch.

due, and if he wou'd not give it him by fair means, he'd make him do it by foul. The Quaker ask'd him for what it was due? he told him for Preaching and Reading Divine Service, and other Ministerial Duties in the Church: Why, says the Quaker, I never came there: You might if you wou'd, says the Parson, the Door stands open. Soon after the Quaker hearing that he was suing him for the money, enters an Action also against the Parson for Fifteen Shillings: The Parson hearing of it, went and ask'd him how he came to owe him Fifteen Shillings? he told him for Trimming: Why, says the Parson, I was never Trim'd by you in my life: *You might if you wou'd,* says the Quaker, *my Door stands open.*

59.

A Doctor of Physick in Oxford that us'd to salute every one he met, with these Words, *I am very glad to see you well*; A Student, a Gentleman of good quality, whom he so greeted, told him ingeniously, *He believ'd he ly'd, for the World went ill with him when People were well.*

60.

One perswaded a man to hang his Dog that had done some mischief, *I am loath to hang him,* says he, *but I'll go amongst his Neighbours and give him an ill-name, and that's as bad.*

61.

A French Captain having been a long time closely Besieg'd in a place where for four Months he Eat nothing but Horse-flesh ; at length being reliev'd, he repair'd to his former Mistress, thinking to enjoy the same dalliances and caresses that he was formerly bless'd with ; But she having been inform'd how he had far'd since his departure ; Hold, says she, *Monsieur* ; for though I have a mind to be gotten with Child, yet I'm resolv'd never to be gotten with Colt.

62.

A covetous Tradesman had a mind to be married, but was afraid of the charge of having Children too fast ; at last he resolv'd to be married, and agreed with his Wife that they wou'd lie together but once a Fortnight ; and, says he, I intend to get every Fortnight a Joynt of the Child from Head to Foot ; so by that device we shall not have

have too many Children: But I do it, my Dear, to ease thee in the bearing of 'em, which you know would be no small trouble to you. After Marriage, it seems he lay with her the first night, and I can't tell how it came about, but at 40 weeks end she was brought to bed of a brave Boy. Why how now Wife? says he, this is not according to my expectation: *Yes Husband,* says she, *but I may thank good Neighbours, or else for ought I know we might have had a Deform'd Child.*

63.

The King of Spain coming into one of his chief Cities, the Mayor came to make a speech, and began thus: *When the King of Peace rode to Jerusalem;* but being dash'd out of Countenance, he said again, *When the King of Peace rode to Jerusalem;* and so the third time, but cou'd not proceed: Then the King turning to his Courtiers, said, *We may easily imagine this Man to be an Ass by the Consequent.*

64.

Mr. Philemon Holland having Translated several Books, as *Plutarch, Pliny, Livy, Camden, &c.* at length he Translated *Suetonius Tranquillus in-*

**Resu'd and Improv'd. 33**

to English; upon which, an ingenious  
Blade writ this Distich on him :

*Philemon with Translations doth so  
fill us.*

*He will not let Suetonius be Tran-  
quillus*

65.

A Gentleman going into a Church  
in London, when they were chaunting  
*Sternhold's* and *Hopkin's* Psalms, which  
are not the most Melodious in the  
World, the Words were these, *Have  
mercy upon us Miserable Sinners : Ay,*  
(says he) *they might as well have said,*  
*Have mercy upon us Miserable Singers.*

66.

Two Sparks standing together in  
the Cloysters, seeing a pretty Lady  
pass by, says one of them, *There goes  
the handsomest Lady that ever I saw in  
my Life:* She hearing him, turn'd back,  
and seeing him very ugly, said Sir,  
*I wou'd I cou'd in way of Requital say as  
much of you :* Faith, says he, *so you  
may, and Lye as I did.*

67.

A Poor Man in *Smithfield* having a  
mind to Bind his Son to a Butcher ;  
but being solicitous to get a Master of  
whom



whom he might learn his Trade well, he ask'd his Friend, who was an Ingenious Gentleman, and had great Acquaintance, to whom he shou'd Bind him? O, says he, *there is a Physitian hard by you, Bind him to him; for he Kills more then all beside in the Town.*

68.

A Gallant, Dining at a Friends House, had promis'd a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon; but being engag'd after Dinner at Cards, cou'd not fairly get away; wherefore he call'd his Boy, and sent him to the Lady to Excuse him; whispering him in the Ear, that what ever Answer the Lady return'd, he shou'd tell it him as if 'twere from a Man; that the Company might not know. So the Boy went on his Errand, and a little after return'd to his Master, who ask'd him aloud before the Company, *What was the Gentleman at home?* Yes, Sir, answer'd the Boy: *Well, what said he to you?* He said, Sir, you might appoint any other time: *What was he doing,* says the Gentleman: *He was putting on his Hood and Scarf, to go to Miss,* says the Boy, which discover'd the Intreague, and set them all a Laughing

69. A

69.

A Woman asking her Husband for some Money to buy a broad Silver and Gold Lace, to put on her Petticoat, he replied thus to her, *If I once make you a Gold-finch, you will prove a Wag tail all your life after.*

70.

One that was a great Eater, sitting down to Supper, complain'd that he had lost his Stomach. *Will*, says a merry Fellow that was there, *If a Poor Man has found it, he'll be utterly undone.*

71.

A Bishop being inform'd by his Steward of the greatness of his Expence, that it was over proportionable to his Estate; and that particularly the number of his Servants was too great: the Bishop order'd him to draw up a Note, of such as were necessary, and such as were not; which being done, he Summoned all his Servants together, and reading the Note, separated them; and then said, *These I have need of, and therefore they must continue; those have need of me, and therefore they must continue also.*

72. Just

72.

Just after the late Kings Restauration, when going to Church came to be in fashion, an old Woman was advis'd by her Neighbours to go to Church; for fear of being Presented, she was resolv'd to go once a Month to save her Bacon: So Dressing her self very fine, she came into the Church just at the Expiration of the Letany, and the Parson having laid, *Lord have Mercy upon us*, and then the People Responding thereunto; she Cry'd out aloud, *I never was here before in my Life, and since you make such a Wonderment at it, I'll never come again.*

73.

Two Gentlemen walking in *Cheapside*, in *Oliver's* time, saw the Sign of the *Golden-Cross*; One of them proffer'd to lay two Bottles of Wine with the other, that he wou'd make the Master of the Shop pull down the Sign: The Wager being laid, he pulls off his Hat, and makes half a dozen Leggs to the Sign, first on one side, and then on t'other, which the Master of the Shop seeing, thinking to prevent his future superstition, suddenly pull'd down his Sign, whereby the Gentleman

## Kein'd and Improb'd. 73

man won histwo Bottles of Wine.

74.

A Minister finding his Parishoners to be Ignorant, was resolv'd to Examine and Instruct them at home; so going to an Ancient Womans house, amongst other Questions, he ask'd her how many Commandments there were? She told him she could not tell: He told her there were Ten: Whereat she reply'd, *A Jolly Company! God Bless you and them both together: Well, but Neighbour (says he) Do you think you can keep these Commandments? Ah! God Bless you, Sir, (said she) I am a Poor Woman, and can hardly keep my self; I hope you will not put me to the Charge of keeping any of the Commandments for you.*

75.

Going to another of them, he ask'd her, who made her? She Replyed, She did not know: A Child standing by, he ask'd him the same Question, who Answer'd, GOD; whereupon the Parson Reproving the old Woman, told her it was a shame that she should be so Ignorant, who had liv'd to those Years, and that little Child could tell. *Marry, quoth she, I am an old Wo-*

man

*man, and have been made a great while; and he was made but t'other day; he may well tell who made him.*

75.

A Quaker went to sell a Horse in Smithfield, a Chapman who look'd on the Horse, complain'd of his Head; Quoth the Quaker, *He that made that Head, won't learn of thee to make Heads.* Why Friend, says the other, may I not speak of thy Horses faults if I see them? *Nay,* said he, *for he sees none in thee, why should'st thou see any in him.* The Man was so taken with the bluntness of the Quaker, that he bought his Horse; which, as he had told him before, was stark blind.

76.

Two Gentlemen Riding on the Road, espied at a distance an old woman a doing her necessary occasion, by a Hedg side; one of them offered a Bottle of Wine, that she wou'd turn and see what she had done; they agreed on the Wager, and she accordingly did. Well, says the Loser, I'll ask her why she did so when I come to her; then Riding up to her, Well, good Woman, said he, I see you have been Evacuating your self; *Do you so?* quoth

quoth she, you see no more with your Eyes, then you may carry away in your Mouth. But pray Mrs. said the Gentleman, what made you look back on it, when you had done? *To see if there were enough for you Both, Sirs,* reply'd she.

77.

A young Esquire, who had more Money then Wit, Traveling into Spain to a University, where a Man might be made a Doctor for Money, had a mind to take his Degrees; so for his better Reception, he invited the Doctor of the Chair to Supper, where being a little flush'd with the expectation of his new Honour, he ask'd the Doctor if he wou'd take Money to make his Horse a Doctor too? Yes, says he, *I may make a Horse a Doctor, as well as an Ass; and so by consequence your Horse as well as your self.*

78.

An Impertinent Fellow told a Gentleman, that he was mad for doing a thing with less Judgment then he ought to have done, and that he ought to be sent to *Bedlam* to be cur'd of Frenzie; and went on at that rate, till the Gentleman wittily answer'd, *That he admir'd*

*mir'd as much, why (as in every Commonwealth there was provided a Bedlam for Madmen) there was never any place allotted for Fools.*

79.

A merry Archer coming into the Market on a Market day, neck'd an Arrow as if he intended to Shoot, and said with a loud Voice, *Now have at a Cuckold.* A woman thinking he aim'd that way, and her Husband being by her, cries out, *Stand away Husband, stand away Husband: Why you silly Jade (says he) I am no Cuckold, am I? No, no, (quoth she) but who knows how a confounded Arrow may glance?*

80.

A Farmer in *Essex*, who for his Means was made a Knight, and his Wife thereby growing very Gallant and Fine; a Jocular Gentleman told his Worship, *That he did not do well, in spoiling a Good Wife, to make a Mad-Dame.*

81.

A merry Gentleman seeing a great Dish of Broth brought to the Table, with a little Chop of Mutton in the middle of it, began hastily to unbutton his Doublet; one asking him the meaning



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meaning of it ; *I mean* (says he) *to swim through this Sea of Pottage, to that Island of Mutton.*

82.

A merry Fellow Riding with his Master, he desir'd to ask him a Question ; his Master knowing him to be a jocular witty Rogue, gave him leave : Why then , Sir, said he, you see a Horse and an Ass yonder feeding together ; now suppose you were forc'd to be a Beast, which of thoe two wou'd you be ? You Fool, said the Master, I wou'd be a Horse, as being the nobler and more generous Creature : I'm of another Opinion, said the Man, for I wou'd be an Ass : His Master being pleas'd with the humour, ask'd his reason ? *Why*, said he, *I have often seen an Ass Ride the Great Horse, strut briskly before his Company, be made a Justice, have the honour of Knighthood confer'd on him, and often Elected Mayor of a Corporation ; but I never knew a Horse capable of any of these Preferments.*

83.

An ignorant Countrey Fellow coming along Paternoster-Row, had occasion to change a Half-Crown into small

mo-

money, and looking over a Grate which which stood on the Stall, there sat a large Monkey, whom he pray'd to change his money; the Monkey took it, and put it into the Till of the Counter, where he had observ'd money to be put, and then came and Grinn'd at the man; who being in a passion, made a noise at the Door, whereat the man of the Shop coming into the Shop, ask'd him what was the matter? Sir, said he, *I gave your Son half a Crown to change, and he will not give it me again, but Laughs at me, and will not give me one word of answer, tho I have asked him for it many a time.*

84.

Two Friends meeting, one being over joy'd to see the other, *Hark you Sir,* said he, *Between you and I, my Wife's with Child.* Faith, cry'd the other, *you're a liar, for I have not seen her this twelve Months.*

85.

Two Persons who had been formerly acquainted, but had not seen each other a great while, meeting on the Road, one as'kd the other how he did? he told him, He was very well, and was Married since he saw him: the other replyd, That was well indeed: Not

so

so well neither, said he, for I have Married a Shrew. That's ill, said the other. Not so ill neither, said he, for I had 2000 Pounds with her. That's well again, said his Friend. Not so well neither, for I laid it out in Sheep, and they died of the Rot. That was ill indeed, said the other. Not so ill neither, said he, for I sold the Skins for more money then the Sheep cost. That was well indeed, quoth his Friend. Not so well neither, said he, for I laid out my money in a House and it was burn'd. That's very ill, said the other. Not so ill neither, said he, for my Wife was burn'd in it.

86.

One that had been very much vex'd in Law-suits, went to Tyburn one day to see the Execution, and vow'd, That now he was resolv'd to have to do with Tyburn, then Westminster-Hall; for there he was hang half a year, but at Tyburn half an hour hanging ends all.

87.

A young Countrey Esquire, who you must think never read Cook upon Distillations, &c. had a mind to borrow some money privately, for which he was to give a Bond, and hearing it run,

C

Be

Be it known unto all men; Hey boys! says he, if all men must know it, then I'm sure it will come to my Father's Ear, therefore I'll have no such Bond drawn.

88

A Handsom young Widow having lately Buried an old grave Husband, call'd *Old Symon*, had been so us'd to a Bed-fellow, that she cou'd not sleep without one; but cou'd endure the thoughts of none but her dear Husband; wherefore she order'd a Carver to make her Husbands Statue as near as he cou'd; which every Night (being well warm'd) had a Shirt and Night-Cap put on, and was laid by her in Remembrance of her Husband, that she might, at least, embrace him in Effigie. This trade had lasted ever since her Husbands Death, and she wou'd not admit the Courtship of any Suiter; till at last a young Gentleman who was inflam'd with no small passion for her, had by the help of his Wit, and some good Angels, prevail'd with her Maid to lay him one Night in the place of *Old Symon*: So the Widow came to bed to him, and casting her hand over her dear Statue (as she thought) she felt a more agreeable warmth

warmth then usual; nay, she fancied 'twas alive and had motion; She was not frighted at it (which is not a little wonderful) but by degrees crept closer and closer to her Side-mate, till at length they were lock'd in Mutual Embraces; by which she with pleasure found that it was not her Wooden Bed-fellow. In the Morning the Maid call'd at the Chamber-door, as she us'd to do; Madam, what will you please to have for Dinner to Day? She reply'd, Roast the Goose and the two Pheasants that were brought in Yesterday, Boyl a Leg of Mutton and Colly-flowers, and get a good Dish of Tarts and Custards, and a Dish of good dry'd Fruit. Madam, says the Maid, I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick fire. *You may burn Old Symon!* (says she) *burn Old Symon!* word was, and

A young Buxom Maid, that was newly Married to an old Man (by her covetous Father for money) was very melancholy; which a merry Fellow seeing, to comfort her, said, *Be of good Cheer, my pretty dear Rogue, for an old Horse will perform as good a Journey as a young one.* She Smirking and Sighing

said, withal stroaking down her Belly,  
*But not in this Road, Sir.*

90.

A Gentleman that was a Lawyer, coming up to London, to the Term, met a plain Countrey-man, and after the usual Complement, of well met, &c. says the Gentleman, Pray Friend answer me this Question, *Which are the greatest wonders in the World?* To which, after a little consideration, he dryly Replied, *Womens and Lawyer's Tongues;* for, says he, *they always lye, yet never lie still.*

91.

A Gentleman Riding on the Road, overtook a young brisk Countrey Lass, who after some time Travelling together, consented to his Amours; the man being conscious of what he had done, and how Prejudicial it might prove to the Maid; told her, if any thing came of their Endeavours, she should hear of him at a certain place in London: 'Tis no matter Sir, said she, *I am to be Married on Monday.*

92.

An old Woman in Southwark hearing that *Petrus Pilate* was very civil in his Office, took an occasion to commend

mend him to the Parson, whom she had heard speak of him: Prethee, Woman said he, who was this *Pontius Pilate*, whom thou talk'st of? Quoth she, How should I know? I never was acquainted with any such kind of People. The Parson reprov'd her for her Ignorance, and bid her consider and enquire against such time she saw him again: She being very industrious in the matter, made the Discovery, and the next time she saw the Parson, she told him that she had found him out, and it was the little Oatmeal Man that came about with the white Horse; the Parson, being amaz'd at so strange an Imagination of the Womans, she cry'd out, *What's the matter, Sir? I believe you don't know him your self; but your Maid does, for I saw her buy a Pennyworth of Oatmeal of him, but two days ago.*

93.

Another ignorant old Woman in the Countrey hearing a Minister Preach on the Passion of Christ, of the Cruel and Barbareous Death that the Jews put him to, wept grievously; and when the Minister had done, she came to him, and ask'd him how long

C 3

ago.



## 48 England's Jest

ago it was since this sad thing was done? The Minister told her it was sixteen-hundred Years since: O then, says the Woman, being a little revived, *if it be so long ago, I hope in God it mayn't be true.*

94.

A brisk young Woman, going to her Husbands Funeral, a Gentleman comes and whispers her in the Ear, profering his Service in way of Courtship: She thank'd him very kindly, but told him, *He came too late; for, says she, I was Yesterday made sure to another.*

95.

A Citizen Travelling into the Countrey, came into a very good Inn, where the Master of the House was Complaisant to him, showing all his conveniencies; which were so far beyond the common Inns, that he told him, *It was a House for a Nobleman*; at which the Inn-keeper fell into a great passion, calling him Raskal, and abusive Fellow. The Gentleman not being pleas'd with his Entertainment, went to the next House in the same Town; where telling his Host the business, he inform'd him, *That the Man had lately Broke,*

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*Broke, and Paid but a Noble, in the Pound  
of his Debts, which had Enabled him to  
Build that spacious House.*

96.

*An Amorous Gentleman in Paris,  
Playing under his Mistrisses Window  
with a Lute, she commanded her Ser-  
vants to throw stones at him, which  
he took in good part, and esteem'd as  
a great Grace, fancying himself like  
Orpheus; saying, The Stones danc'd af-  
ter his Musick.*

97.

*A Wine-Cooper in Mark-Lane Ta-  
king a Gentleman down into his Cel-  
lar to Treat him, he finding no Seat  
there for him to sit on, ask'd him the  
reason of it: Why, says the Wine-Coo-  
per, I will have no Man here Drink lon-  
ger then he can stand.*

98.

*A Citizen of London had for a long  
time been Jealous of his Wife, mistrus-  
ting her Chastity, but had no real  
proof of it; till at length he resolving  
to have an Ocular Demonstration, pre-  
tends to go into the Countrey, but re-  
turns the same Night; and coming in-  
to the House, looks through the Door  
into his Wives Chamber, and sees a*

brisk Spark Caressing her in an Amorous manner. Having thus satisfied his curiosity, he retires, resolving to discipline her the next day; so he comes to her, and after some little discourse, takes her with the last Nights Recreation. She denies it, and he affirms it, telling her that he saw it with his own Eyes; to which she wittily ~~and cunningly~~ said *What, my Dear? Won't you believe your own dear Wife, before your own Eyes?*

99.

Two young Fellows observing a Countrey man go up into the Monument, went up after him, and when they came to the top, they bound him, and pickt his Pocket; which as soon as ever they had done, they hear'd some body coming up; so being put to their shifts, and in some danger of discovery, they made haste down, and meeting a Man, they told him, There was a pleasant Scene acting at top, between a young Maid and her Sweetheart; so the Man believing them, and being a merry Fellow, went down with them; saying, *That if he could make no sport, he was resolv'd to spoil none;* and so by this witty Stratagem the Rogues

Rogues escap'd with the money, and the poor Countrey-man was left to be reliev'd by the next comer.

100.

An old Baud being brought before a Justice of Peace, in *London*, for keeping a Baudy-House, and being accus'd by several Witnesses, and upon probable Grounds, the Justice said in a Passion to her, *Tou Old Hag, you do keep a Debauch'd House, and I will maintain it*: whereupon the old Jade dropt him a Cour'sy, saying, *I most humbly thank your Worship, I desire no better Warrant.*

101.

A Tinker coming through *Cornhill*, and sounding briskly on his Kettle, *Have you any Work for a Tinker?* A Grocer that thought to put a Jest upon him (there being a Pillory near his Door) bid him stop those two Holes, pointing to the Pillory; to whom the Tinker smartly reply'd, *Sir, if you will lend me your Head and Ears, I will find a Hammer and Nails, and give you my Work into the bargain.*

C 5

102. A

102.

A modest Gentlewoman being forc'd by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Defect, she desir'd the Judge, being in Court, that she might Write her mind for Modesties sake. So the Judge granted her request, and order'd Ink and Paper to be given her; so she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she wou'd Write; says one of the Counsellors to her, *Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen. Truly Sir,* says she, *that's just my Case, and therefore I need not Explain my self any further.*

103.

Queen Elizabeth coming into a School in London, and seeing a very pert Boy, ask'd him how often he had been Whipt? To whom he Ingeniously answer'd in the words of *Aeneas* to Queen Dido,

*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.*

For which she gave him a Reward.

104.

Another time the Queen coming into Westminster-School, had some Verses made to her *Extempore*, by a poor Boy; and being pleas'd with his quickness,

quickness, she bid him make some Verses upon this, *Pauper ubique jacet*, which he did presently as follows:

*In Thalamis Regina tuis hac nocte Jacerem,*

*Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet:*

For which the Queen took special notice of him, and gave him great preferment afterwards.

105.

A Gentleman being in Mourning for his Father, was Riding out with some fine Ladies, who seeing his Horse have a Velvet Saddle, and Embroider'd Cloath, ask'd him why that was not black too? O, says the Gentleman, *my Horse's Father is not dead yet.*

106.

A Countrey Farmer coming up to London, had a Token to deliver to his Landlord's Son, a young Gentleman of the Temple; when he came to his Chamber, he found a Note in the Key-hole, written, *I am gone to the Devil*; whereupon the poor Farmer fell into a great fright, having the saddest apprehensions imaginable. Alas, said he, that ever my Landlord shou'd send

ſend his Son to this wicked place; a fine young Gentleman that has coſt his Father many a fair Pound to bring him up to Learning, and that ever he ſhou'd come to this Ungodly Town, in two or three Months time to go to the Devil; I dare not carry this ſad evil Tydings to his Father: And as he was making theſe ſad Lamentations, a young Student came up and told him, that the Note only meant the Devil-Tavern hard by, and that he believ'd he might find him there. So he went thither, and found the Gentleman, and preſented his Father's Token, and then told him the Extraordinary trouble he was in, upon Reading the Note. At which the Gentleman Laugh'd heartily, and gave the Farmer ſuch an Entertainment, that when he came down into the Countrey, he told his Friends, *That he never ſar'd better in his Life, then he did at the Devil;* which put them all into no ſmall Aſtoniſhment.

107.

A Scholar of Oxford, having wore out the Heels of his Boots, brought them in his hands to a Cobler, and ſhewing him them, ſaid, *O thou cur-*



ous Artificer, that hast by no small pains and Study, arriv'd to the perfection of that exquisite Art of repairing the defects of old decayed Calcumens, affix me two Semicircles to my Suppeditors: The Cobler star'd upon him, as if he wou'd have look'd him through; but a little recovering himself, said, Before George, Sir, I understand not your hard Language; but if I put on two Heel-pieces, I'll have a Groat for them.

108.

The same Scholar being ask'd by a Porter for a Gentlemans Chamber in the Colledg, he directed him thus, You must crucifie the Quadrangle, and ascend the Grades, and you will find him perambulating in his Cubicle, near the Feneſter. Pray Sir, says the Porter, what is that Feneſter? It is, replies the Scholar, the Diaphanous part of an Edifice, erected for the Introduction of Illumination; which so amaz'd the Porter, that at first he did not know what to think, till recovering himself, he went and enquir'd of another, who gave him plainer directions, in more intelligible terms.

109.

An old Usurer dying, left a good Estate to his Son, who was more lavish in the spending of it, then his Father had been careful in scraping it up: As this young Spark was Riding in his Coach to *Epsome*, he was angry with his Coachman, for not driving faster, calling to him, saying, You Dog, if you don't make more haste, I'll come and Kick you to the Devil: Sir, reply'd the Coachman, *I swear if you do, I'll there tell your Father how Extravagantly you have spent his Estate.*

110.

A Gentleman living in the Countrey, having some urgent business at *London*; and his Lady at the same time being ready to Lye-in, leaves order with his Servant, a Welshman, that when his Lady was Delivered, if it were a Son, he should come to *London*, and acquaint him, promising him for his paines a new Suit of Cloaths; the Lady was in a short time after Delivered of a Daughter; however, Jack (unwilling to lose his Suit of Cloaths) goes to *London* and acquaints his Master that his Lady was brought to Bed of a brave young Son; the Gentleman

man being over-joy'd at the News, perform'd his Promise, and Jack being well accountred, returns to his Mistress: and in a short time after, the Gentleman returns; and meeting his Wife, wisheth her much Joy of her Son; but she alleadging it was a Daughter, and he finding himself abused, orders Jack to be sent for; who when he came, still continued in his former saying, that it was a Son; whereupon the Child was produced; and shown to the whole Company; Jack still avers it to be a Son; why thou Fool, quoth the Nurse, if it were a Son it should have a Cock here: *Cots-plut*, quoth the Welshman, is hur in haste? Would hur have a Cock there already? Let hur keep hur till hur is sixteen or seventeen years old, and if hur have no Cock then, Hang hur.

II. A brisk young Lady, seeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a comely young Man, wait upon the Judge, who was an old Man, was ask'd by one, which she had most mind to, the Judge, or the Sheriff? She answer'd, The Sheriff. He asking the reason, she replied,

replied, *That she lov'd Judgment well,  
but Execution much better.*

112.

Some Soldiers in the Camp being very Lowly, complain'd to their Captain, who being a Jocular man, bid them turn their Shirts and shake them, telling them that the Lice wou'd have a days March at least, before they cou'd come to their Skin.

113.

A Handsom Countrey Maid coming to Croyden Market, and being very nimble, leap'd off her Horse, but the Pummel of her Saddle being high, catcht hold of her Petticoat, & shew'd almost all that Nature gave her; which a Gentleman standing by and seeing, said, Sweetheart, you have a very clear Skin, To whom she answer'd briskly, *Sir, if you like it so well, why did not you come and Kiss it, to take your leave on't, for you are not ever like to see it again?*

114.

Two Scots-men meeting about Dinner-time, one ask'd the other to lend him Six-pence; by my Troth, quoth he, I have but a Groat; *Prethy mon,* said he, *lend me that, and I will trust you for the other Two-pence.*

115. A

A young Woman having Married a great Student, who was so intent on his Studies, that she thought her self too little regarded by him, and one day when they were at Dinner with some Friends, she wish'd her self a Book, that she might have more of her Husbands Company; *It is must be so,* says her Husband, *I wish thou wert an Almanack, that I might change thee for a new one once a Year.*

A Gentleman alighting out of his Coach at *White-Hall*, ask'd a Foot-man that stood there, what a Clock it was: Sir, says the Footman, what will you give me? Why, replied the Gentleman, must I give you any thing to tell me that? Yes Sir, said he, *for we Courtiers do nothing without money.*

Two Gentlemen discoursing over a Glass of Wine, of the Affairs of *England*, and of the several Classes of men therein; One of them wittily said, *That in it there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough.* I can but admire at your opinion in that, says the other Gentleman; for

for methinks, there are rather too many of those sorts, then too few: To which he replied, *If there were Scholars enough, so many wou'd not be double or treble benefic'd; If Gentlemen enough, so many Peasants wou'd not be reckoned amongst the Gentry; And if Jews enough, so many Christians wou'd never profess Usury.*

118.

A Conceited Scholar, that was lately come from Oxford, Drinking with two or three Gentlemen at the *Mitre-Tavern* in the *Poultry*, was very brisk and airy, and wou'd needs be forming of Sylogisms, &c. One wise one was this, He bid them fill two Glasses of Wine, which they did: Now, says he, I will prove those two Glasses to be three, thus, Is not here one, says he? Yes, says the Gentleman. And here another, that's two, says he: Yes, says the Gentleman again. Why then, says he, one and two is three, so 'tis done. *Very well*, says the Gentleman, *I'll have one Glass, and that Gentleman shall have the other, and you shall have the third for your pains in finding it out.*

119. One

119.

One who had layn with his Female Servant, the next day ask'd her how many Commandments there were? She answer'd nine: Thou Fool, quoth he, hast thou liv'd to this Age, and knowest no better? There are ten. *I know, said she, very well, there were ten Yesterday; but you and I broke one of them the last Night, so that there are but nine of them left.*

120.

A witty, though unfortunate Fellow, having tried several Trades, and fail'd in them all, at last took an Ale-house, and set up the Sign of the Shirt; Writing under it, *This is my last Shift*; which witty Device, brought him much Company and Profit.

121.

A Gentleman that had never been us'd to Wounds, receiv'd a small Scratch with a Sword in a Tavern-Fray; at which he was sadly frighted, and sent immediately for a Chirurgeon, who coming, and seeing the Wound but slight, and the Gentleman in a great fear; for Sport's sake pretended great danger, and therefore sends his Man with great speed to fetch him  
such



such a Plaister: *Why Sir, quoth the Gentleman, is the Wound so dangerous?* O Yes, reply'd the Arch Chyrurgeon, *for if he don't make great haste, it will heal of it self.*

122.

A Woman in the Countrey that had Ten Children, told her Husband that *Nine of them were his, and no more;* now he mistrusting the Parson of the Parish had been sweet upon her, said, *Well, Wife, I'll keep the Nine, but I never deny'd the Clergy their due, and so will not begin now; for the Parson shall have the Tenth for his Tythe, it being rightly due to him.*

123.

A Countrey man coming through Cheapside with Hob-nails in his Shoes, and treading in a slippery place, his Heels flew up; which a Citizen taking notice of in his Shop, said to the Fellow, *How now, Friend? You see our City stones are so proud, they scorn to let a Countrey Clown tread on them: Hah!* says the Countrey man, *as proud as they are, I made them kiss my Arse.*

124.

A Welshman that was condemn'd to be hang'd, had the benefit of the Clergy

gy granted to him; and so was burnt in the Hand; which when it was doing, they bid him say, *God bless the King: Nay,* says he, *God bless hur Father and Mother;* for if they had not taught hur to read, hur might have been hang'd for all the King.

125.

A huffing Young Blade coming to *Epsom*, call'd an honest plain Countrey-man that was there to hold his Horse: *Can one hold him,* says he; *Yes, yes,* says the Gallant: *Then you may do it your self,* says the Countrey man, and so went away.

126.

A Countrey man that was very ignorant, coming to the Arch-Bishops House with his Rent, the Arch-Bishop coming through the Hall, ask'd who 'twas? *An't please your Worships Honour,* says the Countrey man, *I am come to pay you your Rent;* so the Arch-Bishop went out; and the Servants told him, he must say, *An't please your Grace;* But the Arch-Bishop coming in again, he was at, *An't please your Worship's Honour:* they told him he must say *Grace;* *Must I so?* says he; then putting his Hat before his Eyes, he said, *The Eyes of all things, &c.* 127.

127.

A Gentleman reproving his Friend that was a married man, for getting a maid with Child, saying, He admir'd that such a man as he wou'd defile his Bed so: *You mistake, Sir, says he, there was no defiling of my Bed in the Case, for I did it in the Fields.*

128.

A conceited Fellow, that had an extraordinary good opinion of himself, ask'd his Friend what others thought of him? *Why, says his Friend, The Wise think you foolish, and Fools think you wise; Now pray what think you of your self.*

129.

Two Gentlemen that had been a great while at Law together, and had spent a great deal of Money at it, one of the Gentlemens Friends told him, That his Antagonist had remov'd his Suit into Chancery; *Let him remove it into Hell,* says he, *I don't question but to get a Lawyer to follow it for money.*

130.

An English Merchant at Lisbon in Spain, sold some Jews five hundred pounds worth of Gloves; but they falling off from their Bargain, would have

have but half of them : Well, said the Merchant, you must give me some time to sort them, and then you shall have half ; so he order'd his Man to put all the Right-handed Gloves in one parcel, and the left-handed ones in another. Then when the Jews came, he bid them take their choice ; which when they had done, and were packing of them up, they perceiv'd them to be all for one hand ; and so were glad to take the other parcel at the Merchants own rate.

One standing in the Pillory at the Exchange, and his Wife being by him to bear him Company, a Gentleman that saw him, said, *He believ'd he was a Papist, because he had his Cross with him.*

132.

Another man hearing a Parson Preach on that Text, *Take up your Cross and follow Me ;* took his Wife on his Back the next Sunday, and came into the middle of the Church, while the Parson was preaching, and looking up to him, said, *Now Sir, I have brought my Cross, what must I do with it ?* The Minister being a little surpriz'd

at the humour of the Fellow, hardly knew what to say to him, but at last he bid him set it down there: *Yes, that I will,* says he, *with all my heart, though it were in the middle of the Sea: But I see,* says he, *as well as you pretend to love the Cross, mine may lie upon my hands this forty Years, before you'll ease me of it.*

133. A Gentleman ask'd one of the Female Sex, *Whether she was Maid, Wife, or Widow;* and bid her tell him truly: She being a little put to it, after some consideration upon this hard question, and being above twenty years old, answered him thus, *Though I was never married, Sir, yet you may write me down Young Woman.*

134.

King Henry the Eighth, going once to Gravesend, took Will Summers his Jester with him for his diversion; the Wind being very high, it was very tempestuous; and Summers being very fearful, thought himself in great danger, and said to the King, *Harry, Harry, I had rather be thy Fool by Land, than thy Companion by Water:* At which the King laugh'd heartily.

135. A

135.

A Nobleman having a mind to be merry, sent for his Chaplain, and told him, That unless he could resolve him these Three Questions, he should be discarded, and turn'd out of his Service; but if he cou'd, he shou'd have Thirty Guineys, and the best Horse in his Stable: So he propos'd the Questions to him, which were these; *First, What compass the World was about? Secondly, How deep the Sea was? And Thirdly, What he thought?*

The Poor Chaplain was in a peck of Troubles, and did not know how to answer them, or what to say, thinking them very unreasonable Questions; so that all he could do was to desire a little time to consider upon them, which the Earl granted. So he going along the Fields one day very melancholy, a Cocker of the Town, a merry Fellow (who was very like the Chaplain, both in Physiognomy and Stature) met him, and ask'd him the reason of his Sadness; which with some Reluctancy he told him: O Sir, says the Cocker, don't be dejected, cheer up; I've thought of a device to save your Place, and get you the Mo-

D

ney

See Ballad of Mithras of Canterbury

ney and Horse too; but you shall give me Ten Guineys for my pains. So he agreed to't; and it was thus: Says he, I'll put on your Cloaths, and go to my Lord, and answer his Questions. Accordingly he went, and when he came before him, he answer'd him thus: To the first Question, *What Compass the World was about?* He answer'd, *It was four and twenty hours Journey; and if a man could keep pace with the Sun he might easily go it in that time.* To the second, *How deep the Sea was?* He answer'd, *Only a stones throw; for cast it into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom.* To the third, (which I fancy your Lordship thinks the most difficult to be Resolv'd, but is indeed the easiest) which is, *What your Lordship thinks?* I answer, *That you think I am your Chaplain, when as indeed I am but the Cobler of Gloucester.* The Nobleman was so pleas'd with his witty Answers, that he perform'd his Promise to his Chaplain, and gave the Cobler Ten Guineys for his Ingenuity.

I 36.

Says a Glazier to a Painter, *I see you do all under a Colour. Get you gone, you Rogue*



Rogue, reply'd the Painter, you're always picking of Quarrels.

137.

A Certain King kept a Fool in his Court, that us'd to write down in a Book, all the Follies of the great Men in the Court; which Book the King sometimes, when he was dispos'd to be Merry, wou'd look into. Now one day after Dinner, the King reading of the Book, found himself in it, with a Story of five-thousand Pounds, which he gave a Jew in his Court, to go to *Barbary* and buy Horses with: So the King ask'd his Jester, why he put him in? *Why*, says he, *for giving your Money to one that you may never see again*: But says the King, What if he should return and bring the Horses, what Folly is it then? *Why*, if he do's, replied the Fool, *I'll blot out your Name, and put in his, for a Fool, for not keeping your Money when he had it.*

138.

Two Women scolding in the Street, another of their Acquaintance came by, whom they wou'd refer their Cases to; No, says the Woman, *pray Excuse me, I won't meddle in it, but will stand Nenter*: How can that be, says

one of them, *when you have been common to all the Town?*

139.

Doctor Fuller, overtook one Mr. Woodcock upon the Road, falling into Discourse in a facetious manner, ask'd him what difference there was between a Woodcock and an Owl, (supposing Mr. Woodcock had not known him) He wittily replied, *That an Owl was Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Face, Fuller in the Eyes, Fuller in the Neck, and Fuller all over.*

140.

A Scholar meeting a Countreyman upon the Road, Rid up very briskly to him; but the Countreyman out of Respect to him, was turning off his Horse to give him the Road, when the Schollar laying his Hand upon his Sword, said, *'Tis well you gave me the Way, or I'd-----What wou'd you have done?* said the Countreyman, holding up his Club at him: *Given it you Sir,* says he, pulling off his Hat to him.

141.

One Reading in the Famous History of the seven Champions, how St. George kill'd the Dragon, and sav'd Sabra the fair Maid of Egypt, said,  
He

## Refin'd and Improv'd 71

*He admir'd how Men cou'd invent such Lies; for, says he, I believe there never was any such Dragon, or such a Man as St. George. O, says another, I can believe that, better than that there was a Maid.*

142.

*A Tallow-Chandler dying, a merry Fellow said, He wonder'd, that he that had made so many Weeks, cou'd make his Life no longer.*

143.

*A Lusty young Man, in Somersetshire, after he had been Married about four Months, grew very Lean and Feeble, so that he cou'd hardly crawl along; He one day seeing a Butcher run over a Plough'd Field after a Mad-Bull, ask'd him the reason of it ) Why, says the Butcher, it is to Tame him: O, says the Fellow, Let him be Married, let him be Married; if that don't Tame him, I'll be hang'd.*

144.

*A Soldier, a merry Fellow, finding a Louse on his Sleeve, walking to take the Air, took him up by the Back, and said, I swear, if I catch you again out of your Quarters, you shall be Hang'd; and so put him into the Collar of his Doublet.*

D 3

145. A

145.

A certain Highway-man having committed a Robbery in *Devon-shire*, was taken in *Dorset-shire*, making towards *London*, and brought before a Justice of Peace, who wou'd not meddle with him, but wou'd send him back into the Shire where he committed the Robbery; which a witty Country man hearing (that had been at the trouble of taking him, and was unwilling to Guard him back into the other County) desir'd leave to ask the Justice one Question, which he granted: *Why then, says the Man, I desire your Worship to tell me, if a Man be taken abed with your Wife to Night, whether he must be sent thither again the next Night?*

146.

A Gentleman order'd a Crane for Supper; but his Cook having a Sweet-heart in a longing condition, cut off a Leg and sent her; so the One-Legg'd Crane was set on the Table, which the Gentleman seeing, was enrag'd at his Cook; but he being an arch Wag, readily told the Gentleman, that Cranes had but one Leg; and avow'd it with that confidence, that he gain'd upon his wise Masters belief; but he resol-

## Refin'd and Improv'd 73

resolving to observe it as he was walking in the Fields one Frosty-Morning, he saw a flock of Cranes, and sending for his Cook, they held up one of their Legs under their Wings, as is the custom of those birds in the cool weather; So, says his Cook, *I hope your Worship is satisfied that they have but one Leg*; but the Gentleman going pretty near to them, cries *Cush*, and frightened them up, whereupon both legs appear'd; *Look*, says the Gentleman, *they have now two Legs*: Oh, says the Cook, *if you had cried Cush to that in the Dish, it wou'd have had two Legs too.*

147.

A Gentleman losing his Watch, Complain'd to his Friend of his loss; *Alas, Sir, says he, all the World can't help it, Time will away.*

148.

A Bully meeting a brisk Lady in St. James's Park, with her naked Breasts appearing very tempting, says to her, *Madam, is that Flesh to be sold?* No, replied she, *no money shall buy it*: Then, says he, *Madam, if you won't sell your Ware, I'd wish you to shut up your Shop*: Faith, Sir, says she, *you may be sure I'll never let you come within my*  
D 4                      Doors:

*Door s: 'Tis no matter, Madam, replied he, for I am sure they are wicked ones.*

149.

A Person of Quality in the Countrey, keeping a Baboon at his Door with a handsom fine Coat on; a Countrey Fellow brought a Letter and gave it to the Baboon, who tore it to pieces; and the Lord happening to come out, saw him do it; at which he was angry with the Fellow, and ask'd him why he deliver'd it not to him himself? *Why,* says the Fellow, *I gave it to your Son, and he tore it: You Fool,* says he, *'tis a Baboon: Indeed,* says the Fellow, *I thought it was your Son, he is so like you.*

150.

A Woman having a mind to oblige her Husband, desir'd him to invite some of his Friends to Dinner, and they wou'd be merry, for, says she, I have provided a curious Leg of Mutton for you: *I thank you my Dear,* says he, *you are always very free of your Flesh to me, and every body else that has any Appetite to it.*

151.

Some Scholars having a spight against their Master, because of his Harshness to them, resolv'd to play him

him some trick; so knowing him to be a very curious neat Man, they daubed the Rails of the Stairs with a Sr. R-----Now the Master coming down in the dark, laid his Hands in it, which set him into a terrible feu'd; so he called all the Scholars, and took them into strict Examination; but suspecting one above the rest, he was very sharp upon him, urging him to confess it, telling him he did it; the Boy utterly denied it; but the Master was the more pressing upon him: *Indeed*, said the Lad, with all the Asseverations imaginable, *I did it not, but if you please, I'll tell you who had a hand in it*: Hereupon the Master thought to have found out the Truth, and so very eagerly ask'd him who? *Your Worship, Sir*, says he: Whereupon he was dismiss'd, with the applause of all his Fellows, for his Ingenuity.

152.

A Merry Fellow in a great Storm at Sea, when all were at Prayers, Eat heartily on Salt-Beef; and being ask'd his reason, answer'd, *He should Drink more that day, then ever he did in his life.*



153.

*John Taylor* the Water Poet, being aboard the Ship, call'd, *The Hector*, was so Treated with Punch by the Captain, that it was easily perceiv'd by the Seamen, who began to play upon him; whereupon *John* in a Poetical rage, invok'd the Patron of the Ship thus,

*O Noble Hector, Valiant Son of Priam,  
Grant all these men may be as Drunk as  
I am.*

154.

A Certain Knave asking a virtuous Gentlewoman, Jearingly, *What was honesty?* She answer'd *What's that to you? Meddle with those things that concern you.*

155.

A Young Man in London being caught abed with his Mistress, was severely reprimanded by his Uncle, who set before him the example of *Joseph*: Oh, says he, *If Joseph's Mistress had been as handsome as mine, I doubt not but he wou'd have done as I did.*

156.

A Gentleman that had many Children, was saying one day to his Friend, that his Wife was more Fertile then his Land. *I'll give you a good reason for*

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for that, says his Friend, for if you are weary and won't take pains to make her so, others will.

157.

A Witty Fellow going along *Post-noster-Row* in a dark Winter night, saw a Lanthorn hang out with a Candle in it, which he had resolv'd to, to light him home; but as he had clim'd up to it, and was just going to untie it, the Maid of the House saw him, and ask'd what he meddled with the Lanthorn for? *I beg your Pardon*, says he, *Sweet-heart, I only went to snuff the Candle, that I might see to go along.*

158.

Two Gentlemen riding from *Barnet* to *London*, met a Miller riding softly on his Sacks; and they being merrily dispos'd, had a mind to abuse the Miller; so one went on one side of him, and the other on the other, and having Rid so a little way with him, they pray'd him to resolve them one Question, *Whether*, says they, *art thou more Knave or Fool?* Truly, replied the Miller, *I don't know which I am most, but I think I am between both.*

159.

Mr. *Randolph*, the Great Wit of *Cambridg*, coming to *London*, had a mind to see *Ben-Johnson*, who was Drinking at the *Devil-Tavern* with Mr. *Drayton*, Mr. *Daniel*, and Mr. *Silvester*, three famous Poets of that Age; he being loth to intrude into their Company, and yet desiring to be call'd in, peep'd in at the door several times, till at last Mr. *Johnson* perceiving him, said, Come in, *John Bopeep*; which he did: and when the Reckoning came to be Paid, which was Five Shillings, they agree'd among themselves that he that made the best *Extempory Verses*, should be excus'd from paying any thing, and the other four should pay it all; so every one made his Verses, and when it came to Mr. *Randolph's* turn, he made these:

*I John Bopeep, to you four Sheep,  
With each one his good Fleece;  
If you are willing to pay your five Shilling,  
'Tis fifteen Pence a piece.*

160.

*Ben-Johnson* and *Silvester* being very merry one day at the above-nam'd Tavern, began to Rhime upon one another; so *Silvester* began thus:

*I Sil-*

*I Silvester  
Lay with your Sister.*

To whom *Ben-Johnson* answer'd:

*I Ben. Johnson  
Lay with your Wife.*

*That, says Silvester, Is no Rhyme; but  
Faith, 'tis true though, says Ben-John-  
son.*

161.

Mr. Noy the Attorney General  
making a Venison Feast in a Tavern,  
where *Ben Johnson* and some of his  
Companions were Drinking, and he  
having a mind to some of the Venison,  
wrote these Verses, and sent them to  
Mr. Noy:

*When all the VVorld was drown'd,  
No Venison cou'd be found,  
For then there was no Park;  
Lo here we sit  
Without e're a bit,*

*Noy has it all in his Ark.*

For the ingenuity of which, Mr. Noy  
sent him a good corner of a Pasty, and  
half a Dozen Bottles of Sack to wash  
it down.

162.

At another time, *Ben-Johnson* in-  
tending to go through the half-Moon-  
Tavern

Tavern in *Aldersgate-street*, was denied entrance, the door being shut: upon which he made these Verses,

*Since the Half-Moon is so unkind,  
to make me go about,  
The Sun my Money now shall take,  
the Moon shall go without.*

And so he went to the *Sun-Tavern* at *Long-Lane* end, forsaking the *Half-Moon*, for this affront.

163.

A Fool being very sick and like to dye, one that went to see him, went to comfort him, bidding him chear up, for if you dye, says he, *Four proper Fellows shall carry you to Church: Ay but*, quoth he, *I had rather by half go thither my self.*

164.

A Courtier importuning Queen *Elizabeth*, for a certain place that was vacant, the Queen told him, *He was not fit for it: An't please your Majesty*, says he, *I can get one to Officiate for me: Very likely*, says the Queen, *and I can put in one of my Maids, that can do so too.*

165.

A Tutor in Oxford, reading a Lecture to his Scholars about the Virtues in moral Philosophy, gave them this general Rule to know Vertues from Vices, *That Virtues consisted in the Middle, but Vices were Extreame*s. The next day he bid his Scholars give an Example of the fore-going Rule; so one of them, being a sharp Lad, instanc'd in *Virginity*. *Why Sirrah*, says the Tutor, *who told you that Virginity was a Vertue*? You did, Sir, replied the Lad, *for you told us, that all Virtues consisted in the Middle, and so does Virginity*.

166.

Says a Tall Man, going along with a little Man, *The People won't gaze so much at a Pigmy, because I'm in your Company*. Yes, says the little Man, *they will gaze the more upon me, to see me have an Ass in my Company, and not Ride*.

197.

A Lawyer meeting a Countrey Fellow driving his Cart, ask'd him merrily, why his Fore-horse was so Fat, and the other so Lean? *Why*, says the Fellow, *my Fore-horse is a Lawyer,*  
and

*and the rest are his Clients ; for which witty answer, the Lawyer gave him a Shilling to Drink.*

168.

A Countrey-man coming up to London, having never been there before, star'd into a Scriv'ners Shop ; the Scriv'ner standing at the Door, ask'd him what he wou'd buy ? What do you sell, says the Countrey-man ? Why Logger-heads, says the Scrivner, will you buy one ? *Yes, says he, but I see you have such a good Trade, that you have no Choice, having but one left in your Shop.*

169.

One said, *That no Man had greater confidence in their Countrey, then Thieves, for they put themselves upon it, though they are Hang'd for their paims.*

170.

One told his Wife, that there was a Law making, That all Cuckolds should be drown'd : O pray, my Dear Husband, says she, *then learn to Swim.*

171.

A Blunt Rustical Fellow, having been nettled with a Jest that one put upon him, resolv'd one way or other to be even with him ; therefore having a  
good



## Refr'd and Improb'd. 83

good Cane in his Hand, he laid him over the Pate with it saying, *Every Man has his Talent; you can break Jest's, and I can break Heads.*

172.

Some Thieves coming to Rob a Gentlemans House before he was asleep, he call'd out of the Window, and bid them stay but one hour, and by that time he should be asleep; which frightened them so, that they ran away faster then they came thither.

173.

A Gentleman having his Pocket pickt whilst he was at Prayers at Church, complain'd to his Friend of it; why says his Friend, *If you had VVaich'd as well as Pray'd, you would not have lost your Money.*

174.

A Constable taking a pretty Wench late at Night, brought her before a Justice, who seeing her handsom and gentilely Drest, was very favourable to her, winking at her fault in being out so late, and bid the Constable take her home to his House that Night. *Yes, that I will with all my heart,* says the Constable, *if your Worship will be pleas'd to commit my Wife till the Morning.*

175. Two

175.

Two young *Oxford* Scholars agreeing together to go into an Adjacent Warren to steal some Rabets ; one being to watch, and not to speak one word, and the other to catch them : So they being come to the place, he that watch'd, cried out, *Ecce Caniculi multi* ; which noise frightened all the Rabets into their Burrows ; whereupon the other was very angry with him ; *Why*, says he, *who thought that Rabets understood Latin ?*

176.

A Lady receiving a Letter from a Foppish Gentleman, taken *verbatim* out of *Cassander*, which he had read, she sent it him back again, bidding the Messenger tell him, *That he was mistaken, for though the Letter was directed to her, it was written to Madam Roxana.*

177.

A Gentleman borrowed five Pounds of his Friend, and lost it at Play ; thereupon he sent to borrow five Pounds more, by the Token that he ow'd him five Pounds already : *Pray*, said his Friend, *bid your Master send me the Token, and I'll send him the five Pounds.*

178. A

178.

A Wench that was got with Child, sent her Friend to the Father of it, to tell him that she was quick; he replied, *If she be quick, I'll be as nimble, and so run away.*

179.

One seeing Doctor *Mathews*, that was a very Learned man, but little of Stature, pass by, said, *There goes minimus Apostolorum*; which the Doctor hearing, merrily replied, *That Mathew was Maximus Evangelistarum.*

180.

A Gentleman standing in a brown Study, a Lady ask'd him, *What he was thinking of?* He said, *Of nothing*: *What do you think on,* says the Lady, *when you think on nothing?* *Faith,* says he, *Then I think on you, and the inconsistency of your Sex.*

181.

The Lord *Bacon* going the Northern Circuit, a Fellow that was try'd for his Robbing, was very importunate with the Judge to be favourable to him, telling him that he was a Kin to his Lordship: *Why, how so,* said the Judge? *Why,* answer'd the Fellow, *An't please your Lordship, your Name is Bacon, and my*

*my Name is Hog, and those two are alike. 'Tis true, said the Judge ; but you and I can't be Kindred till you are Hang'd, for Hog is never good Bacon till 'tis Hang'd.*

182.

*King James Riding a Hunting in Essex, comes to a Gate which he must go through, and seeing a Countrey-Clown at it, he says to him, Prethee good Fellow open the Gate? But he knowing who it was, answer'd, No, an't please your Grace, I am not worthy to be in that Office ; but I'll run and fetch Mr. Johnson, who is a Justice of Peace, and lives a Mile off, and he shall open it for your Grace ; and so he run away as fast as he could, and left the King to open it himself.*

183.

*When the Turks were Besieging Vienna, a Gentleman being to be sent to the Grand Vizier, upon some important Affair, desir'd to be excus'd ; for, says he, I'm affraid, because he is so faithless and treacherous , that he'll take my Head off : If he does, says the Governour, I'll take a Thousand of his Mens Heads off. 1, Sir, replied the Gentleman, but I question whether any of them will fit my Shoulders. 184. A*

184.

A young Lad being chid by his Uncle, for lying a Bed so long in a Morning, telling him that such a one had found a Purse of Money by rising early in the Morning; *I*, says the Lad smartly, *but he rose too early that lost it.*

185.

A merry Gentleman, in the beginning of the late Civil Wars, being ask'd, if he should dye, how he would be buried? Answered, *With his Face downwards: For, says he, in a little time England will be turn'd up side down, and then I shall lie right.*

186.

A man being brought before the Duke of Millan, for falling down from a House (which he was Tiling) upon a poor man that was going by, and bruising him very much: *Look you, Friend,* says the Duke to the Man that was hurt, *I'm for the Law of Retaliation; You shall go up to the top of the House where he was, and he shall go along just where you did; and so you shall fall upon him, and bruise him, as much as he did you: Which unexpected piece of Justice, put an end to the mans Prosecution.*

189. A

187.

A Farmers Daughter in the Countrey bringing up her Fathers Cows near the House to be Milk'd, they all run away from her down a dirty Lane; upon which the Girl cry'd out, *O Mother, the Cows are run down the Lane to the Devil; shall I go after them?* No, Child, says her Mother, *let your Father go, for he has high Shoon.*

188.

A Tallow-Chandler having some Candles stole, complain'd to his Friend: *O, says he, be patient, for I'm confident in a short Time they'll all come to light.*

189.

An Oxford Scholar coming up to London, went into a House of Iniquity in Covent-Garden, which had the *Flower-de-luce* to its Sign, where he got a Clap: whereupon he writ these Verses over the door at his going away:

*All youth that hither chance to come,  
Mark well e'er you go in;  
For Frenchmens Arms are Signs without,  
And Frenchmens Harms within.*

190. One

190.

One asking a Painter how he cou'd draw such curious Pictures, and yet get such ugly Children? He answer'd, *Because he drew the Pictures in the day, but got his Children in the night.*

191.

Another asking why men sooner gave to Poor People than to Scholars? was answer'd, *Because they think they may sooner come to be Poor, than Scholars.*

192.

A Player Riding along Fleet Street in great haste, a Gentleman of the Temple stop'd him, and ask'd *what Play was to be acted that night?* The Player was not a little vex'd at him, for hindering him on such a slight occasion; however recovering himself, he told him *he might see that on every Post: I beg your Pardon,* said the Gentleman, *indeed I took you for a Post, you rid so fast.*

193.

Two Gentlemen being drinking together, one of them prest the other to drink more then he could well bear, and therefore he refus'd it, desiring to be excus'd; but the other being pretty



ty well dipt, swore he shou'd take t'other Glafs, or else he'd run him thro'. *No, says he you shan't, I'll save you that labour, for I'll run my self through, and Pledge you afterwards;* saying so, he run through the door down stairs, and left the Spark to pay the Reckoning.

194.

*Sir Thomas Moor* being surveying of *St. Pauls Church*, as he was walking on the Leads of it, there happened to be a Madman there, who seeing some Jack daws flying about the Church, catch'd up *Sir Thomas* (being a little man) in his Arms, saying, *Now Sir, we will fly down as those Birds do;* and so was going to throw him over; but he cry'd out to him, saying, *Hold Friend, let us go down, and fly up to them,* which stopt the Madmans hand.

195.

A Woman coming to a Parson, desir'd him to preach a Funeral Sermon on her Son that was lately dead; the Parson promised her to do it; but the desiring to know the Price of his Sermon, he told her it was Twenty Shillings: *Twenty Shillings!* says she, *An Ass spoke for an Angel, and mon's*

you

*you speak under Twenty Shillings? The Parson being a little nettled at her, told her she was better Fed then Taught: Sir, says she, 'tis very true; for my Husband feeds me, and You teach me.*

196.

A Countrey Gentleman riding along Cheap-side, his Horse stumbled and threw him in the Dirt; so he got a fellow to hold him, and went into the next Shop; the Mistress of which being a pleasant Woman, smiling (seeing he had no hurt) ask'd him if his Horse us'd to serve him so? *Yes Madam, says he, When he comes just against a Cuckold's door. Then in truth, replied she ingeniously, You are like to have twenty falls, before you get to the Exchange.*

197.

A Gentleman riding to Epsom, overtook a hadsome Countrey Wench jogging along easily upon a Poor dull Mare; the Gentleman being merrily dispos'd, ask'd her how she did? and told her, if she pleas'd he'd occupy her. O Sir, says she, what good will that do me? Why, says he, 'twill make you brave and brisk; Pray then Sir, says she, *Occupy my Mare, for she's very dull.*

E

198 An

198.

An Elder Brother told his younger Brother, that that White Camlet Cloak he had on, became him extraordinary well : *Faith Brother, says he, but a black mourning Cloak for you, wou'd become me a great deal better.*

199.

A Great Swearer being subpcœna'd to give his Oath upon a Trial, they brought him a Book to swear on : *Faith, says he to the Clark, You may save your self that Labour, for there is no Oath but I can Swear it without Book,*

200.

A Scolding Woman us'd to abuse her husband, who was pretty softly, and call him Cuckold Twenty times a day, which a silly Fellow hearing, said, *He wonder'd the Husband was such a fool to let his Wife know that he was a Cuckold.*

201.

A Drunken Countrey Fellow whose name was *Will. Johnson*, driving his Cart between *Cambridge* and *Sturbridg*, fell fast asleep in it ; and in the mean time his two Horses were stole out of it : he awaking said, *Either I am Will. Johnson, or I am not Will Johnson: if I*

## Refin'd and Improv'd. 93

*am Will. Johnson, then I have lost my two Horses: if I am not Will. Johnson, then I have found a Cart.*

202.

A Gentleman discoursing of his Travels, was interrupted by a Lady in the Company, that said She had travell'd further then he: *Say you so, Madam?* says the Gentleman, *Then We as Travellers, may lye together with Authority.*

203.

One that had been married but a Week, call'd her Husband Cuckold: which her Mother hearing, reprov'd her; *You slut,* says she, *do you call your Husband Cuckold already? And I have been married this twenty years to your Father, and never durst tell him of it.*

304.

A Countrey Man going along Lime-street, saw a rope with a handle to it hang out of the door; now he not knowing what was the meaning of it, went and play'd with it; and pulling it a little hard, the Merchant being in the Compting-house, came out to the door, and ask'd the Countreyman what he wou'd have? He answer'd, Nothing but he pull'd the string, and the Bell

rang : the Merchant seeing him so simple, ask'd him what Countrey man he was? I am an *Essex*-man, an't please you, says he : *Ay*, says the Merchant, *I have heard that in Essex a man can't beat the hedge, but out comes a Calf* : True, says he, *And I see that in London a man can't ring a Bell, but out comes a Cuckold.*

205.

A Drunken debauch'd Dyer, complaining to his Friend that was a sober man, that whatever he took in hand to dye, came to some mischance or other : O, says his Friend, *The way to succeed in your business, is to amend your Life ; for a man that does not live well, can never dye well.*

206.

A Fidler boasting what a chaste Wife he had : says a Gentleman, I'll lay my House against thy Fiddle, that if I have opportunity, I'll get her consent to lie with her : the Wager was laid, and he had the Fidler's consent to try ; but the Fidler went in the mean time, and sung this Song under the Window :

*Hold out, my Dear, hold out ;*

*Hold out but these two houres :*

If you hold out, there is no doubt  
But the House and all is ours.

To which his Wife answer'd :

I Faith sweet William I cannot,  
He has caught me about the Middle :  
He hath me Won, thou art undon,  
Sweet William thou'st lost thy Fiddle.

207.

A Facetious Gentleman discoursing  
with a Witty Lady, who was speak-  
ing of the Weakness of her Sex, and  
the vast advantage that men had above  
them: Hold, Madam, said he; I beg  
your Pardon, if I dissent from you in this  
commonly-receiv'd-point; for it is no  
difficult thing to prove that your Sex is  
now a days stronger then ours; for Samp-  
son, the strongest man, carried only the  
Gates of the City upon his Shoulders; but  
now every little Lady of your Sex car-  
ries a Tower upon her Fore-head. To  
which she wittily and briskly replied,  
Certainly, Sir, you have a very strong  
Head, to carry so many Windmills up and  
down in it.

208.

One that had weak Eyes, being jear'd  
by a man that had clear Eyes; he told  
him, They were not so dim, but he could

*See a Fool: It may be so, says the other, but you must look in a Glass then.*

209.

A Schoolmaster examining his Boys, and asking them several Rules for Pearsing, espied one to have a dirty face and hands, and ask'd him by what Rule it was that he was dirty; the Boy readily answer'd, *By deme Lavo Lavi.*

210.

One telling his Friend that he saw a Man and his Wife Fighting: Why did not you part 'em, says he? *Part 'em!* says the Gentleman, *I have been better bred, then to part Man and Wife.*

211.

Some Gentlemen coming into a Tavern whose Sign was the Moon, (where for a Fancy they sold nothing but Clarret, for which they were very noted, and had great Custom) call'd for a Bottle of Sack: Whereupon the Drawer told him they had none: At which, they not a little admiring, as not knowing the humour, ask'd the Drawer the reason, who told them, *The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret.* The Fancy of which pleas'd them so, that they said they were resolv'd to be soci-



## Refin'd and Improb'd 97

fociable ; and so call'd for each Man  
his Bottle, to drink their Brothers  
Health in the Moon.

212.

One being ask'd what he was that  
had a fine Wit in Jest ? Answer'd,  
*A Fool in Earnest.*

213.

One gave a Fellow a Box o'th' Ear,  
upon which the Fellow whom he strook  
gave him another : What do you  
mean, said he that gave the first Box?  
I did not lend you a Box, I freely gave  
it you : *No matter,* says the other,  
*I am a Gamester, and am always us'd to*  
*pay the Box.*

214.

Says a Gentleman to his Friend,  
Methinks a Player, has the idlest Em-  
ployment of any : *No,* reply'd he,  
*you are mistaken, for he is always in*  
*Action.*

215.

A Gentleman was us'd to say of a  
Drunkard, *That it signified not much*  
*what he said in his Cups, for he seldom*  
*spake anything that he could stand to,*  
*the made by Indentures.*

216.

One seeing a Book that was but one sheet of Paper, said, *A Man need not libel it, for it did Penance in a sheet already.*

217.

One *Tom. Love*, University Capper in *Cambridge*, ringing in one of the Belfreys, the Clapper of the Bell fell upon his Head, and almost kill'd him. An arch young Student seeing his Misfortune, and thinking the wound Mortal, writ over against the place where he fell, these folloing Verses.

*Here lies Tom. Love, the University Capper ;  
That liv'd by the Bell, and dy'd by the  
Clapper.*

But *Tom. Love* recovering, and seeing these Verses, under-writ thus :

*Tom. Love's alive, and lives in hope  
To live by the Bell, when thou dy'st by  
the Rope.*

# Witty and Grave SAYINGS.

1.

**S**ouldiers in Peace, are like Chimneys in Summer.

2.

Painters are cunning Fellows, for they have a Colour for whatever they do.

3.

Coblers may be said to be good men, because they set men upright, and are always mending Soles.

4.

A Prison is a good Instrument of Reformation, for it makes many Lewd Fellows staid men.

E 5

5. Phy-

5.

Physicians, of all men, have the best on't ; for if they do well, the World proclaims it; if ill, the Earth covers it.



6.

Carpenters are civil and honest Fellows; for they do all their business by Rule.

7.

Vertue is easier than Vice ; for the Essential difference between Vice and Vertue is Truth and Falshood, and it is easier and less pains to tell Truth then a Lye ; and for Vices of the Senses, Custom is all in all ; for to one that has liv'd honestly, it is as much shame to commit Sin, as for another to abstain.

8.

At a certain Marriage, One let fall this Silver Saying, *That Parents might forbid their Children an unfit Match, but may not force their Consent to a fit one.*

9. Aristip.

9.

*Aristippus* being accus'd by a Strumpet for having got her with Child, answer'd, *Thou may'st as well, going through a Thorn-Hedge, tell certainly which Thorn prick'd thee.*

10.

The Merits of a deserving Lady are enough to serve her for a Protection, amongst the Savage Indians; whilst their Rudeness and Barbarity knows not so perfectly to hate all Vertues, as some mens Subtilty does.

11.

Carry a Watchful Eye, upon Dangers till they come to ripeness; & when they are ripe, let loose a speedy hand: He that Expects them too long, meets 'em too soon, and gives advantage to the Evil. Commit their beginnings to *Argus's* Eyes, and their End to *Briareus's* hands, and thou art safe.

12. For-

12.

Fortune has no power over Wisdom, but of Sensuality, and of Lives that Swim and Navigate without the Loadstone of Discretion and Judgment.

13.

*Aristarchus* Scoffingly said, That in old times hardly cou'd be found seven Wise Men throughout the World. But in our Days, says he, much ado there is to find so many Fools.

14.

*Antisthenes* being ask'd by one, What Learning was most necessary for Mans Life? Answer'd, To Unlearn that which is Naught.

15.

*Diogenes* being ask'd in a kind of scorn, What was the Reason that Philosophers haunted Rich Men, and not Rich Men Philosophers? Answer'd, Because the former knew what they wanted, the latter did not.

16. When

16.

When it was said to *Anaxagoras*,  
The Athenians have condemn'd you to  
dye ; he said again, *And Nature them.*

17.

When *Cræsus* for his Glory shew'd  
*Solon* his great Treasures of Gold, *Sol-*  
*on* said to him, *If another comes that*  
*has better Iron than you, he will be Ma-*  
*ster of all this Gold.*

18.

*Chilon* us'd to say, *That Gold was*  
*try'd with a Touch-stone, and Men*  
*with Gold.*

19.

*Solon* compar'd the People unto the  
Sea, and the Orators and Counsellors  
unto the Wind ; for that the Sea  
would be calm and quiet if the Wind  
did not trouble it.

20. An



An Arch Blade us'd to say, That of all Trades the Midwives was the most commendable: For, says he, *they live not by the hurts of other men, as Chyrurgeons do; nor by the falling out of Friends, as Lawyers do; but by the Agreement betwixt Party and Party.*

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Notable

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# Notable BULLS.

1.

**A** Young Countrey Squire riding very hard, his Horse grew very Sick upon it : he complaining to his Friend ; says he, *I rid my Horse hard, and he's sick; and I fear he'll never be his own Man again.*

2.

Another being ask'd whether his Friend *Tom*, that was lately dead, had left him any Legacy? *No Faith*, says he, *Not a Tester to drink his health.*

3.

One ask'd a Fellow if he would go into the Water with him : *No*, says he,

he, *I'll never go into the Water till I have learnt to Swim.*

4.

Some Gentlemen being at Dinner in a Tavern, one of them that was a little nicer then the rest, seeing the Salt look a little dirtily, call'd to the Drawer, *to bring up some fresh Salt.*

5.

Some Gentlemen being at Dinner together, were diverting themselves with Jest and Bulls: One among them more curious then the rest, desir'd an *Oxford* Schollar in the Company, to give him the definition of a Bull; who ingeniously told him, *That a Bull was an Ox gelt.*

6.

A Blind Minister coming to speak with a Gentleman, the Gentleman's man came running to him, and told him, *That the Blind Minister was come to see him.*

7. A

7.

A Young Scholar was very much troubled, and did not like his Dictionary, Praying his Father to get it chang'd, because, *He could not find what was Latin for Aqua-vitæ in it.*

8.

A Countrey Justice examining a poor thieving Schollar, said, *Sirrah, you are an Arch Rogue, but take warning, for if you are once hang'd, your Book can't save you from the Gallows.*

9.

One being advis'd to go to Sea, No says he, *I had rather travel all the World over by Land.*

10.

A certain King being sick, one pray'd, *That he might Reign as long as the Sun and Moon should endure, and the Prince his Son, after him.*

11 One

11.

One finding his Friend abed at Ten a Clock in the Morning, ask'd him why he lay so long? *Why Faith*, says he, *I came home late last night*: *Why*, *how late was it*, says his Friend? *Late!* says he, *'twas three a Clock in the morning.*

12.

An Ignorant-Fellow complaining of the Folly of the Age, said, *That men were far Wiser in future times then now.*

13.

One boasting of his Credit, said; *He knew a Scrivener that would lend him Fifty Pounds at any time, on his own Bond, without either Serip or Scrowl.*

14.

One going over in the Ferry-Boat from Richmond to Twitnam, the Ferryman's Wife Officiating, admiring said. *He never saw a Woman Ferryman.*

15. Two

15.

Two Persons going along *Cheatside*, a Dumb-man accidentally meeting 'em, jostled against one of them; whereupon he held up his Stick to strike him; but the Dumb-man making some sign, which the Person that was with him perceiving, stop'd his Friends blow, asking him why he would strike a Dumb-man? *Is he Dumb*, says the other? *Why did he not tell me so?*

16.

One speaking to a Gentleman of the unkindness of his supposed Friend, said, in a Passion, *That he had no sooner turn'd his Back, but the Rascal abus'd him before his Face.*

17.

A Countrey Fellow passing by the Exchange, saw the Picture of a Unicorn hang up; says he to one that stood by, *I have seen several Pictures of these Beasts with one Horn only; pray are not there some Unicorns with two Horns?*

18. One

18.

One asking a certain Person how his Friend came off at the Sessions-house? he told him he was to be Burnt in the Hand; Pish, says the other, that's a small matter; for, *for a little Fee, they'll Burn him in the Hand with a cold Iron.*

19.

A Sea-Captain was invited to a Hunting-match, who when he came home, related what sport he had, after this manner: *Our Horses, says he, being well Rigg'd, we man'd them; and the Wind being at West-South-West (Fifteen of us in Company) away we stood over the Downs; in the time of half a Watch, we spy'd a Hare under full Gale, we Tackt and stood after her, coming up close, she Tackt; and we Tackt, upon which Tack I had like to run aground; but getting clear off, I stood after her again, but as the Devil would have it, just as I was going to lay her aboard, bearing too much Wind, I and my Horse over-set, and came Keel upward.*

20. A



20.

A silly old Fellow meeting his Godson, ask'd him whether he was going? To School, said the Boy: That's well, said he, there's a Penny for you; *Be a good Boy, and mind your Book, and I hope I shall live to hear thee Preach my Funeral-Sermon.*

21.

A foolish young Esquire, being newly come to his Estate (taking after the old Miser his Father, grew covetous.) He hearing his Steward say, he had kill'd him a Bullock against *Christmas*. What, said he, *do you mean to undo me by such extravagant Expences? I will have but half a one kill'd at a time.*

22.

A Person who had not much Wit to spare, seeing his Son play roguish Tricks, *Why Sirrah*, said he, *did you ever see me do so, when I was a Boy, as you are?*

23: A

23.

A Precise Fellow hearing much Swearing in a Bowling-Green, said, *For shame Gentlemen forbear, it is Gods great mercy the Bowling-Green doth not fall on your Heads.*

24.

One sitting at Supper, his Cat past to and fro through his Arms, brushing her Tail against his Mouth, which made him so angry, that he cut off the tip of her Tail, saying, *I think now, Mistriss Puss, I have given you an Ear-mark: For a little time the Cat staid away, but the next day came again, according to her usual manner; whereupon in a Rage, said he, Why, how now, you troublesome Bitch? Are you come again? I thought I had given you your Break-fast last night.*

25.

A Gentleman hiring some Labourers to pull down his old Wall, that he might build a new one; as they were

were doing it, cry'd out to them to have a care, least the Foundation should tumble on their Heads.

26.

When Guineys were first Coyn'd, they were a great rarity in the Countrey: A young Fop coming from London, more Gallant then Wise, seeing the People so earnest to see them, *Alas*, said he, throwing down two or three of them on the Table, *These are so common in London, that you cannot receive Forty Shillings, but you must take five or six of them whether you will or no.*

27.

One going by Water, said to another in the Boat that had affronted him, *Speak another word, and I'll knock your Head and the Wall together.*

28.

One that was Born in the Parish of St. Giles Cripplegate, said When I dye, I'll be Buried in Cripplegate-Church-Yard, an't please GOD I live.

29. The

29.

The same Person affirming there was two sorts of Fishes allow'd to be cry'd on a Sunday; being ask'd what Fishes they were, answer'd, *Milk and Mac-karel.*

30.

One saying, That the Fenny-Coun-treys were very unhealthy; *I am of your mind,* said another, *for I liv'd there once; and I believe if I had liv'd there till this time, I had dy'd seven Years ago.*

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Four-



Fourteen Ingenious

Characters,

Drawn to the Life.

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I.

Of a CHARACTER.

**I**T gives you the hint of Discourse,  
but discourses not; and is that  
in Mass and Ingot, which you  
may Coyn and Wyer-draw into  
infinite; 'tis more *Seneca* than *Cicero*,  
and speaks rather the Language of

F

Ors.

*Oracles* than *Orators* : Every Line's a Sentence, and every two a Period. It says not all, but all it says is good ; and like an Air in Musick, is either full of Clozes, or still driving towards a Close : 'Tis no long-winded Exercise of Spirit, but a forcible one, and therefore soonest out of Breath ; 'tis all matter, and to the matter ; and has nothing of Superfluity, nothing of Circumlocution. So little comporting with Mediocrity, as it extols to Heaven, or depresses unto Hell ; having no mid place for Purgatory left. 'Tis that in every sort of Writing delighteth most ; and though the Treatise be Gold, it is the Jewel still, which the Author of Characters, like your Lapidary, produces single, whilst others, Goldsmith like, inchase them in their Works. 'Tis a Portraiture not only o'th' Body, but the Soul and Mind : Whence it not only delights, but teaches and moves withal, and is a Sermon as well as Picture to every one. In fine, 'tis a Short Voyage ; the Writer holds out with equal force, still coming fresh unto his Journeys end, whilst in long ones they commonly tire and falter on their way : And to the Reader,

Reader 'tis a Garden, not a Journey;  
or a Feast, where, by reason of the Sub-  
jects variety, he is never cloy'd; but at  
each Character, as at a new Service,  
falls too with fresh Appetite.

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F 2

Of

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## II.

*Of an Importunate Dun.*

**A**N *Importunate Dunn*, is the Quintessence of Vexation; a *Single Plague*, worse then all *Egypt's Ten*; a kind of *Substantial Ghost*, perpetually haunting a man, and sucking him as eagerly as an *Hobgoblin* does a *Witch*; an *Horse-leech* that always cries, *Give, give*; or rather a *Cuckow* that has never but one Note, *Pay, Pay, Pay*; *Money, Money, Money*: A troublesome Devil, not to be laid with Holy Water, and only exorcis'd by *Silver Crosses*; an *Evil Spirit*, whom no *Musick* but the sweet *Gingling* of Coin can charm.

Should we enquire his Pedigree, he seems one of *Nimrod's* Bastards, for he is a Tyrant by Nature, and a mighty Hunter by Profession. A Blood-Hound of a notable Quick-Scent to discover his Game, and a deep Mouth to pursue it; he takes upon him a Privilege to get, where even Kings  
them.

themselves must lose their Rights; Nay, presumes to Ape *Creation*, by attempting to squeez *something* out of *nothing*, and raise a *World* of Cash, from the barren Womb of meer *Vacuities*

He would make an excellent Statesman, for he has the best intelligence in the World, and will find out a lurking Acquaintance in a City crow'd, or Countrey corner, sooner then a purblind *Astrologer*, or a limping *Hue and Cry*; Yet nothing lights him to you sooner, or more exasperates him against you, then a new Suit, a good Dinner, or a merry Glass; for he holds it for a *Maxime*, That whoever owes him any thing, ought to be in Arrear likewise both to back and belly. If the Debtor live so remote, that he cannot conveniently wait on him every other day, he makes him pay Interest (even to Extortion) at the *Post Office*; for he is sure of more Letters than a *handsome Girl* of sixteen, that has a great fortune at her own Dispose; his Stile in these *Familiar Epistles*, is extreamly civil in the Front, but close and pressing in the Rear--  
He would rather lose his small concern,

than put you to the least inconvenience--- But must needs have his Money next return, or else shall be forced to turn over the Debt, or take his Course. Yet he attributes your Non-payment to your unmindfulness, and desires you not to take this one more *Item* unkindly; He talks much in the Language of *Bacon's Brazen Head*, Time's past: and (as if you were a second *Joshuah*) blames you for not keeping the day; he Pretends extraordinary kindness for you, but hates all Protections so much, that he dares not say at the end of his Letter, He commits you to that of Heaven; but always hoping to hear from you speedily, and with Effect, rests,  
Your humble Servant.

At this rate (as the *Weapon-salve* heales) he wounds at a distance; But if you are come-at-able, (as he calls it) he will rack the very Soul of you; for he attends you as duly as your Shadow, and proves as constant a Tormentor as a Guilty Conscience to a Murderer: You can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep nor walk in quiet for him. Indeed the Tenter-hooks he puts a man upon, are enough to stretch the tenderest Conscience, and warp the  
best

best nature in the World ; for when he will not be satisfied with *Truth*, you are forc'd to tell him what *is not so*, to get rid of him ; afterwards by incessant Importunities, he provokes you to swear at him ; and at last, by degrees, hardens you into a Resolution, *never to pay him*. Thus we may call him the Devils Usher, that tempts people from Lying to Swearing, from that to Dishonesty, and so Improves them from *Form to Form*, in the School of wickedness, till they are fitted for the *Academy of Hell*.

*Etymologists* think he is call'd a *Dunn*, by Antiphrasis, because he will never have done bawling ; or (as others write) takes the Appellation from a *quondam* famous Officer of Justice of that name, with whose Nature he sympathizes, and worries a poor Man with as little Remorse, as that *New-gate Squire* could a Traytor. His Faith is enough to make one turn Infidel, for he uses none so bad as those he trusts ; Nor can he be counted a Christian, since his Charity both begins and ends at home. And it ever he says his Prayers, he skips over that Petition, *Forgive us our Debts, as we forgive our*

Debtors, in the *Pater Noster*, as silly as a Phanatick does the Article of *Believing in the Catholick Church*, in the *Creed*. He is commonly early up, and never the near; for he wakes a man in a morning, before the *Lark* is up to chaunt her Mattins, and a Guard of *Switzers* cannot keep him out of ones Chamber; alledging Business, Physick, sleep or sickness, cannot divert his persecutions: And 'tis happy for him that doors can't maintain Actions of *Assault and Battery*. He beats up your Quarters so often, that they quickly learn to deny you at home; but if he chance to find you at any of your Haunts, he makes you believe 'twas by the meereft Accident, though he have waited eight and forty hours on purpose. However he is heartily glad to see you, (that's the only Truth you shall have of him) and shaking you by the hand, he asks you, --- *What News?* But before you can answer, out comes the little money between us. Then, Lord bless him! *Times are so hard, and money was never so scarce since Adam wore Fig-leav'd Breeches!* His Creditors are so urgent, they won't be put off, but he must forthwith make up a Sum, and

and therefore if you cannot help him to all, spare him but a little, for five pound now will do him as much good, as fifty another time; Nay, 'twil be as great a favour, as if you gave it him out of your Purse, &c. With this rally of Rhetorick, the blushing Debtor is Non-plust, and Promises as many Impossibilities, as a *Quack Doctor*, or a trembling *Cully*, under the Terrors of a *Bully Rampant*; only silently wishes, he had a handful of *Guinnies* to beat out his brains with; for he is as much afraid of him, as a *saw-cy Prentice* of meeting a Gentleman at *White-Hall*, whom he hath affronted in the City; This makes him shun the place where he lives, as bad as a Pest-house; And (if we may credit an-experienc'd Author) when he is to pass from *Algate* to *Covent-Garden*, and the low ebb in his Pocket will not suffer him to go by Water, he must first trot down to *Tower-hill*, thence strike up to *Norton-Falgate*, then down again to *Queen-hive*, thence up to *Charter-house-Yard*, from thence to *Salisbury Court*, and so to *Red-Lyon-Fields*, before he can reach *Drury-Lane* in Safety; and yet for all this

caution, his head stands awry, with continual looking about.

Yet take them both together, they are two of the greatest Hypocrites in Nature ; for though behind one anothers Backs they rail each at other, as bad as a Weaver, against a *Frenchman*, yet when they meet, they are so glad to see one another ! And truly, I have ever found you very Civil to me, says one, and I can't in the least question your honesty, says the other ; when the short of it is, 'tis forty to one, but one of them will prove a rank Knave ; The Creditor, if ever he be paid ; or the Debtor, if he never pay.

III. Of



III.

*Of a Serjeant, or Baylif, and his  
Setting-Cur.*

**T**He first, is a kind of Excrecence  
of the Law, like our Nails, made  
only to Scratch and Claw ; A sort of  
Bird-lime, where he lays hold, he  
hangs ; a Raven that picks not out  
mens Eyes, as others do, but all his  
spight is at their Shoulders ; and you  
had better have the Night-Mare ride  
you, then this Incubus. He is one of  
*Deucalion's* By-blows, begotten of a  
Stone, and has taken an Oath never to  
pitty *Widow nor Orphan*. His first bu-  
siness is to bait you for money for his  
(confounded) civility ; next to call  
for Drink as fast as men for Buckets of  
Water in a Conflagration ; After  
which, becoming grave and serious, he  
advises you in revenge to Arrest the  
Plantiff, and offers to do it ; with or  
without cause ; 'tis all one to him, if  
he perceive you have money.

His

His Follower is an Hanger that he wears by his side; a false Dye of the same Ball, but not the same Cut, for it runs somewhat higher, inflames the Reckoning, and so does more mischief. He's a Tumbler that drives in all the Coneys; but is yet but a bungler, and knows not how to cut up a man without tearing, unless by a pattern. This is the Hook that hangs under water to choak the Fish, and his Officer the Quill above, which pops down as soon as ever the Bait is swallowed. Though differing in degree, they are both much of a complexion, only the Teeth of this latter are more sharp, and he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full half share of the booty. A main part of his Office is to swear and bluster at their trembling Prisoners, and cry, *Confound us! Why do we wait? Let's Shop him: Whilst the other replies, Jack be patient, 'tis a civil Gentleman, and I know will consider us: Which species of wheedling in Terms of their Art, is called, Sweeten and Pinch.* The Eyes of these Wolves are as quick in their Heads, as a Cutpurse in a Throng; and as nimble are they at their business, as an Hang-man

at an Execution. They'll court a *broken Pate*, to heal it with a Plaister of *Green-wax*, and suck more Silver out of a Wound, than a Chyrurgeon. Yet as these Eels are generally bred out of the mud of a Bankrupt, so they commonly dye with their Guts ript up, or are decently run through the Lungs; and as they liv'd hated, die unpitied. We speak here of those only that abuse the intentions of the Law, and act Oppression under the Colour of serving common Justice.

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## IV.

*Of a Paun-Broker.*

**A**N Unconscionable Paun-Broker, (for there are conscionable Dealers in that way, that are a Relief and Comfort to the Poor, and those are not concern'd in this Character;) An unconscionable Paun-broker, I say, is *Pluto's Factor*, Old *Nick's Warehouse-keeper*, an *English Jew*, that lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as Toads on filth and venom; whose Practice outvies *Usury*, as much as *Incest* simple Fornication; and to call him a *Tradesman*, must be by the same Figure that Pickpockets stile their *Legérdemain* an *Art and Mystery*. His Shop like Hell-Gates, is always open, where he sits at the Receipt of Custom, like *Cacas* in his Den, ready to devour all that is brought him; and having gotten your *Spoils*, hangs them up in *Rank* and *File*, as so many *Trophies of Victory*: Hither all sorts of

Gar-

Garments resort in Pilgrimage, whilst he playing the *Pimp*, lodges the *Tabby Petticoat* and *Ruffit Breeches* together in the *same Bed* of Lavender. He is the Treasurer of the Thieves *Exchequer*, the common Fender of all *Bulkers* and *Shop-lifts* in the Town. To this purpose he keeps a private Warehouse, and Ships away the Ill-gotten Goods by wholesale; dreading nothing so much, as that a Convict should honestly confess how he dispos'd the Moveables. He is a kind of Disease quite contrary to the *Gout*; for as that haunts the Rich, so this mainly torments the Poor, and scarce leaves them so much as a primitive Figleaf to cover their Nakedness. Mrs *Jone*, when she is minded to see her sweetheart, and Gammer *Blew-bottle* going to a Christening, muster up the Pence o'th' Saturday Night, to redeem their best Rigging out of Captivity; but on Monday Morning infallibly bring them back (like Thieves that had only made an escape) to the old *Limbo*; and this so often, till at last they know the way, and can go to Pawn alone by themselves. Thus they are forc'd to purchase the same Cloaths seven times over

ever; and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for their Lodging in his custody. When they come in, like other Prisoners, they first pay Garnish, the Two pence for Entrance money; after this, Six-pence a Month for every Twenty Shillings lent, (which yet indeed is but 19 s. 6d.) that is (according to their Reckoning of thirteen Months to the Year) Six Shillings and Six-pence Interest for one Pound for a Year; which makes Thirty three Pounds, Six Shillings and Eight-pence in the hundred, viz. one third part of the Principle, and just 27 l. 6 s. 8 d. more then the Statute allows; besides Twelve-pence for a Bill of Sale, if the matter be considerable. So that since they never lend half the value on any thing that is brought them; if a Pawn-Broker lay out an Hundred Pounds, he first makes near Forty *per Annum* Advantage certain, as aforesaid: And then considering how many Thieves, &c. (their chiefest Customers that bring the lumping Bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many Poor are not able (especially since as soon as the

Year

Year and Day expire, they presently dispose their Pawns, or pretend to do so) we may reasonably conclude, that these Horse-Leeches make *Cent per Cent* at least of their money in the Year: And all this by a course tending only to the encouragement of Thieves, and Ruine of those that are Honest, but Indigent.

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## V.

## Of a PRISON.

A Prison is the Grave of the Living, where they are shut up from the World and their Friends; and the Worms that Gnaw upon them, are their own Thoughts and the Jaylor. 'Tis a House of Meagre looks, and ill smells, for Lice, Drink and Tobacco, are the Compound; *Pluto's Court* was exprest from this fancy. And the Persons are much about the same Party that is there. You may ask as *Manippus* in *Lucan*, which is *Nireus*? which *Thersities*? which the Beggar? which the Knight? For they are all suited in the same form of a kind of Nasty Poverty; only to be out at Elbows is in fashion here, and 'tis a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. Every Man shews here like so many Wrecks upon the Sea, here the Ribs of a Thousand Pounds, and here the Relick of so many Mannours,

is a Doublet without Buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity then Executions are. The Company one with another is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on Fortune, and fool themselves; and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers, as Men that have had a great stroke in assigning them thither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard heartedness, yet they feign it sometimes, to shun Melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it. It is the place where new commers are most welcomed, and next them ill News, as that which extends their Fellowship in Misery, and leaves few to insult; and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their Tongues at more liberty then their Bodies. Men see here much Sin and Calamity, and when the last does not mortifie, the other hardens; and

and those that are wicked here, are desperately wicked, as those from whom the horror of Sin is taken off, and the punishment Familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this School: Which though it teach much Wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: And it is better to be a Fool, then to come here to learn it.

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VI.

*Of a TAVERN.*

**A** Tavern is a degree, or ( if you will ) a pair of Stairs above an Ale-house, where men are Drunk with more Credit. If the Vintners Nose be at the door, it is a Sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supply'd by a Bush : The Rooms are ill breathed, like the Drunkards that have been well wash't over Night, and are smelt to fasting next morning, not furnish'd with Beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary Implements, Chairs, Tables, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more News then Hogs-heads, and more Jests then News ; which are suckt up here by some spongy Brain, and from thence squeez'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a Noise, and this Musick above, is answer'd with the Chatting below: The Draw-  
ers

ers are the chiefest People in it : Men of *good bringing up* ; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *High Calling*. It is the best Theater of Natures, where they are truly acted, not plaid ; and the business, as in the rest of the World, up and down ; that is, from the bottom of the Cellar to the Great Chamber. A Melancholy man would find matter to work upon, to see Heads as brittle as Glasses, and as often broken. Men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends. It is the common Consumption of the Afternoon, and the Murderer or Maker away of a Rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the Face, and Tobacco the Gun-powder that blows it up. A House of Sin you may call it, but not a House of Darknes, for the Candles are never out ; and it is like those Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at Mid-night as at Mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the Spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below : while the Jordans, like swelling Rivers, overflow their Banks. To give the  
total

total reckoning of it, 'Tis the Busie  
mans Recreation, the Idle mans Busi-  
ness, the Melancholy mans Sanctuary,  
the Inns-a-Court-mans Entertainment,  
the Schollars Kindness, and the Citi-  
zens Courtesie. It is the Study of Spark-  
ling Witts, and a Cup of Canary their  
Book, where we leave them.

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VII. of

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## VII.

## Of a SCOLD.

A Rank Scold is a Devil of the Female Gender ; a *Serpent* perpetually a hissing and spitting of Venom ; a Composition of *Ill-nature* and *Clamour*. You may call her animated *Gun-Powder*, a walking Mount-*Aetna*, that is always belching forth flames of Sulphur. A Burr about the Moon, is not half so certain a presage of a *Tempest* at Sea, as her Brow is of a *Storm* on Land. And though *Laurel*, *Hawthorn*, and *Seal-Skin* are held preservatives against Thunder, Magick has not been able to find out any Amulet so soveraign as to still her Ragings ; for like Oyl pour'd on flames, good words do but make her rage the faster ; and when once her Flag of Defiance, the Tippet, is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for Constable nor Cucking-stool.

Her



Her Tongue is the Clapper of the Devils Saints-Bell, that rings all-in to confusion. It runs round like a Wheel, one Spoke after another, and makes more Noise and Jangling, than Countrey-steeple on the Fifth of November.

If she be of the preciser cast, she abuses Sacred-Language in her Railing, as Conjurers do in their Charms; calls her Neighbours *Heathen Edomites*, her Husband *Reprobate*, or Son of *Belial*; and will not Cudgel her Maid without a Text for't. But now I speak of Husband, methinks I see the *Creeping Snail*, shivering in an Ague fit when he comes in her presence. She is worse then Cow-itch in his Bed, and as good as a Chafing-dish at Board; But has either quite forgot his Name, or else she likes it not; which makes her Re-baptize him with more noble Titles, as, *White-liver'd Raskal*, *Drunken Set*, *Sneaking Nickompoop*, or *Pittiful Lowsey Tom Farthing*. Thus she worries him out of his Sences at home, and then she ferrets his Haunts abroad worse than a Needy Bawd does a decay'd Bully's. In a word, *A Virulent Scold* is her Neighbours perpetual Dis-

G

quiet,

quiet, her Families Evil Genius, her Husbands Ruine, and her own daily Tormentor: And that you may the better knw her Pedigree, I'll give you a serious Account of the Receipt or Method made use of for her Production into the World, lately found in a long-concealed Manuscript of *Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus*; as follows, viz.

Nature to form a *Scold*, first took of the Tongues and Galls of *Bulls, Bears, Wolves, Magpies, Parrots, Cuckows, and Nightingals*, of each a like number; The Tongues and Tails of *Vipers, Adders, Snakes and Lizards*, seven a piece: *Aurum Fulminans, Aqua-Fortis* and *Gun-Powder*, of each one Pound: The *Clappers* of *Nineteen Bells*, and the *Pestles* of a dozen *Apothecaries Mortars*. Which being all mixt, she Calcin'd in Mount *Strombello*, and dissolv'd the Ashes in a Water distill'd just under *London-Bridge* at three quarters Flood, and Filtrated it through the Leaves of *Calapines Dictionary*, to render the Operation more Verbal. After which, she distill'd it again through a *Speaking-Trumpet*, and clos'd up the remaining Spi-

Spirits in the Mouth of a Cannon. Then she open'd the Graves of all new-deceased *Pettifoggers*, *Mountebanks*, *Barbers*, *Coffee-News-Mongers*, and *Fish-Wives*; and with the Skins of their Tongues made a Bladder, cover'd o'er with *Drum-heads*, and fill'd with *Storms*, *Tempests*, *Whirl-winds*, *Thunders*, *Lightnings*, &c. These for better Incorporation, she set seven years in a *Rough Sea* to Ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a Twelve month in a *Balnea of Quick-silver*. Lastly, to Irradiate the whole Elixir, and make it more Churlish, she cut a Vein under the Tongue of the *Dog-star*, drawing thence a Pound of the most cholerick Blood; from which Sublimating the Spirits, she mixt them with the Foam of a Mad-Dog; and then putting all together in the fore-mentioned Bladder, sticht it up with the Nerves of *Socrates's Wife*. Out of this notable Preparatory, Dame Nature compos'd a *Shrew*.

## VIII.

## Of a BAD HUSBAND.

**A** Bad Husband, is an inconsiderate piece of Sottish Extravagance. For though he consists of several ill Ingredients, yet still good Fellowship, is the *Causa sine qua non*, and gives him the *Ho-go*. He is the Wise Mans Scorn, the Shirks Exchequer, and the wheedling Hostess's Honest Man; The Moth of an Estate, the Shipwrack of a Family, or a mischief Three-story-high; for he scandalizes his Ancestors, ruins himself, and strangles the hopes of all his Posterity. He throws away his Wealth as heartily as young Heirs, or old Philosophers, and is so eager of a Goal, or a Mumpers Wallet, that he will not wait for Fortunes leisure to undoe him, but Rides Post to *Beggars-Bush*; and takes more pains to spend money, then Days

Labourers to get it; whilst still his word is, *Let's not pinch while we have it, since 'tis time enough to want when we have it not.*

He knows no difference between Prodigality and Liberality, but is so foolishly free, that he dries up the Springs of Bounty, by cutting down the Banks, and letting the Streams run at waste. If he pretends to Gentility, he thinks he can no way make good that Title, but by paying (where ever he comes) all the whole Reckoning; and every Rascal that can but cry, *My Noble Master*, is Master of his whole Purse; which sucking Vermin continually nutter about him, as thick as Flies in a Confectioners-shop. If he go to Market, 'tis but to purchase a Fox, and two days after returns, having only Truckt away his Corn for Drink, and put off his Cattle to make him a greater Beast.

His first business after Marriage, is to pay Ale house Scores with his Wives Portion; and his next, to Pawn her Cloths for supplies of fresh Debauchery. If he be a Citizen, he counts his Shop a Prison, till at last he is Shop'd in a Prison indeed. He pre-

tends always extraordinary business abroad, and must needs go to the Exchange; when he has nothing to do there, *But change Shillings into Sixpences, and reduce Guineys into Farthings.* He still cries, *'Tis too soon to go home yet; and will trudge a Mile about, rather than come near his own Door, for fear he should be oblig'd to come in before his hour, which is midnight, or past;* for if he goes home before, he says, *He can never sleep well.* He is an Hoghead set up upon two stumps, fit for nothing but to hold strong Drink; and if he be not at the Pot, is like a Fish out of Water, that does nothing but Gape. He thinks Nature gave him a *mouth* not so much to Speak, as to take off his Liquor; and his only enquiry is, *Where dwells the best Sack and Claret?* He is a passionate lover of Morning-Draughts, which he generally continues till Dinner-time; a rigid exacter of *Nam-Groats*, and Collector-General for *Foys* and *Riberidge*: He admires the Prudence of that Apothegm, *Let's drink first;* and would rather sell 20 per Cent to loss, than make a dry Bargain. You shall infallibly find him and his Tribe about the Fag-end of the day at *Randezvous*,

dezvouz, like a Constellation fix'd in the lower Region of a known Tavern, where their Noses appear like Comets, that evermore portend excessive Droughts : They go in upon Parol not to exceed *Three-pences*, but seldom come out under a *Half-Crown Club* : and their Noise (for Discourse you cannot call it) is more Nonsensical and Impertinent than a *She-Quakers Sermon*, or the Tattles of an *Up-sitting*. As soon as they are accommodated with a private Room, an half Pint (for so they modestly begin) some clean Pipes, and a Jordan ; their first Argument is the goodness of the Wine, which being voted a Flower, produces next a Bottle ; and then News is the Subject of debate ; or for want of that, who was most Drunk the night before, or Reel'd home with the greatest Gravity and Decorum. Though they live like Publicans, yet they imitate Pharisees in their exactness of making clean the inside of the Glass ; and their strictest Criticisms are, *See it go round, and take it off, Sir.*

In this sweet Society, our trusty *Trojan* bears his part, till he has not discretion enough left to know at which



end to light his Pipe ; then staggering away (if he escape the *Compter*) 'tis forty to one, but he meets with some little *Town-Baggage*, who picks his Pocket, and in Requital, bestows upon him a swinging *Clap*. In the meantime the good Woman at home sits lamenting till Twelve at night, over a piece of mouldy Bread, and a draught of Rot-gut ; and the Children are fain to go to Bed without their Supper, because the vile Milk-woman is grown faithless : At last, when her precious Husband comes with a Breath that stinks with Canary and Tobacco, worse then Hell of Brimstone ; he perhaps picks a cause-less quarrel, gives her a remembrance with a Bed-staff, that she is forc'd to wear the *Northumberland* Arms a week after ; which the good natur'd Soul must excuse, by pretending an unlucky Fall, or blaming an innocent Door-latch for the Injury. But put case he go peaceably to Bed, what comfort can be expected from such a *Swime* ?

IX.

Of a TOWN-FOP.

**T**He *Town-Fop* is one that plays *Rex* wherever he comes, and makes as much hurry as *Robin-good-Fellow* of old, amongst our *Granams Milk-bowls*; he is a kind of a *Squib* on a *Rope*, a *Meteor* compos'd of *Self-conceit* and *Noise*, that by *blazing* and *cracking* engages the wonder of the *Ignorant*, till on a sudden he vanishes and leaves a *stench*, if not *infection* behind him; he is too often the *stain* of a good Family, and by his *Debauched life* blots the noble *Coat* of his *Ancestors*: A wild unback'd Colt, whose *Brains* are not half *codled*; indebted for his *Cloaths* to his *Taylor*, and for his *Wit*, (such as it is) to his *Company*. The *School* had no sooner indued him with a few *Superficial besprinklings*, but his *Mother's Indulgence* posted him to *Town* for genteeler breeding, where

three or four wild Companions, half a dozen bottles of Burgundy, two leaves of *Leviathan*, a brisk encounter with his Landlords Glass-windows, the charms of a little *Miss*, and the sight of a new Play, dub'd him at once both a Wit and a Hero; ever since he values himself mainly for understanding the *Town*, and indeed knows most things in it that are not worth knowing: The two Poles wherein all his discourses turn, are *Atheism* and *Bawdry*, bar him from being prophane and obscene, and you cramp his Ingenuity, which forthwith flags and becomes useles, as a meere common Lawyer, when he has cross'd the Channel.

He is so refractory to Divinity, that Morallity it self cannot hold him: He affirms humane Nature knows no such things as Principles of good or evil; and will swear, *all Women are Whores*, though his Mother and Sister stand by; whatsoever is Sacred or Serious, he seeks to render ridiculous, and thinks Government and Religion fit objects for his idle and fantastick Buffoonry: His humour is proud and assuming, as if he would Palliate his ignorance by scoffing at what he understands not; and

and therefore with a pert and pragmat-  
tick scorn, deprecates all things of no-  
bler moment, but most passionately af-  
fects pretty All-a-mode words, and is  
as covetous of a new Song or Ayr, as an  
Antiquary of *Cato's Statue*, with never  
an Arm and but half a Nose; these  
keep him always imploy'd, and fill  
up the *Grotesco's* of his Conversation,  
whilst with a stately Galantry, once  
in every half hour he Combs out his  
*Wig*, Carreens his *Breches*, and new  
Marinalls his *Garniture*, to the Tune  
of, *Methinks the poor Town has been  
troubled too long.*

His mind used to whistle up and  
down in the levities of Fancy, and ef-  
feminated by the childish *Toying* of a  
rampant imagination, finds it self in-  
disposed for all solid imployment,  
especially the serious exercises of *Pi-  
ety* and *Vertue*, which begets an Aver-  
sion to those lovely Beauties, and that  
prompts him on all occasions to ex-  
pose them as ridiculous and vain:  
Hence by degrees he comes to a buse  
*Sacred Scripture*, makes a mock of *E-  
ternal Flames*, joques on the venera-  
ble mysteries of Religion; and in fine,  
laughs at that All-Glorious and Tre-  
mendous

dous Majesty, before whom his Brother Wits below tremble. 'Tis true, He will not confess himself *Atheist*, yet in his heart the Fool hath said it, and boasts aloud, that he holds his Gospel from the Apostle of *Malmsbury*, though it is more then probable he ne're read, at least understood, Ten leaves of that unlucky Author. Talk of Witches and you tickle him; speak of Spirits, and he tells you he knows none better then those of Wine; name but Immaterial Essence, and he shall flout at you as a dull Fop, incapable of Sense, and unfit for Conversation; Nor is he better pleas'd, then when he can here hedge in some raw Divine, to Bull-bait with Scurrility and all kind of Prophane-ness.

By means of some small scraps of *Learning*, matcht with a far greater Rock of *Confidence*, a voluble *Tongue*, and a bold *Delivery*, he has the ill luck to be celebrated by the Vulgar, for a man of parts; which Opinion gains credit to his Insolences, and sets him on further Extravagances to maintain his Title of Wit, by continuing his practice of Fooling; whereas, all his mighty parts are sum'd up  
in

in this inventory : *Imprimis*, *A Ped-  
ling way of Fancy*, a lucky hit at Quib-  
ling, now and then an odd Metaphor,  
a conceited Irony, a ridiculous Simile,  
a wild Fetch, an unexpected Inference,  
a Mimick-Gesture, a pleasing knack  
in humouring a Tale ; and lastly, an  
irresistable Resolution of speaking last,  
and never be dasht out of Countenance.

By these Arts, dexterously manag'd,  
he engrosses a vast Repute : The grave  
Citizens call him shrew'd man, and no-  
table Head-piece; the Ladies (we mean  
the things so call'd of his acquaint-  
tance) vote him a most accomplisht  
Gentleman, and the Blades swear he  
is a walking Comedy, the only *Merry  
Andrew* in the Age, that scatters Wit  
where ever he comes, as beggars do  
Lice, or *Musk-cats* Perfumes; and  
that nothing in Nature can compare  
with him.

You would think he had gotten the  
*Lullian Art*, for he speaks *Extempore*  
on all Subjects, and ventures his words  
without the relief of Sence to second  
them; his thoughts start from his  
Imagination, and he never troubles  
himself to examine their decency, or  
solidity by *Judgment*; to discourse  
him

him seriously, is to read the *Ethicks* to a *Monkey*, or make an *Oration* to *Caligula's Horse*, whence you can only expect a *Wee-hee* or *Jadish spurn*; after the most convincing arguments, if he can but muster up one plausible *Joque*, you are routed. For he that understood not your *Logick*, apprehends his *Droll*; and though *Syllogisms* may be answer'd, yet *Jests* and loud *Laughter* can never be confuted, but have more sway to degrade things with the unthinking *Croud*, then *Demonstrations*; there being a *Root* of envy in too many men, that invites them to applaud that which exposes and villifies what they cannot comprehend. He pretends great skill in curing the *Tetters* and *Ring-worms* of State, but blows in the sores till they rankle with his poysonous *Breath*; he shoots *Libels* with his forked *Tongue* at his *Superiours*, and abuses his dearest *Friends*, chusing to forfeit his *Neck* to the *Gibbet*, or his *Shoulders* to the *Battoon*, rather then lose the drier of his idle *Quibbles*. In brief, He is the *Jack-Pudding* of *Society*, a *Flattering Buffoon*; a better kind of *Ape*, in the Judgment of all wise men; but an incomparable *Wit*, in his own.

X. Of



X.

*Of a Fantastique Lady.*

**H**ER Life is a perpetual Contradiction, she would, and she would not; and, *Make ready the Coach, yet let it alone too; Drive to such a place, yet do not neither,* is her ordinary Dialect: She differs from the *Irresolute*, in that he is always beginning, and she never makes an end: She writes and blots out again, whilst he deliberates what to write; th'one being a *Resty*, and the other a *Restless Pain*: So you can tell what to make of t'one's Negative, and how two Negatives make an Affirmative; but of her *I* and *No* together, you know not what to make, but only that she knows not what to make of it her self. Her Head is just like a Mill, or Squirrels Cage, and her Mind the Squirrel that turns and whirls it round, and her Imagination differs from others, as your *Grotesque Figures* do from Natural; and from *Grotesque*, in that these have some design

design in them, but her Imagination has none; she never looking toward the end, but only the beginning of things; or if she does, forgets or disapproves it strait: For she will call in haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long, nay dye, for some Toy or Trifle, which having once, she grows weary of presently, and throws away. In fine, who are of one mind to day, and another to morrow, are constant, to her; and *Saturn's* Revolution, compar'd to the Moons: For you know not where to have her a moment, and whosoever would hit her Thoughts, must Shoot flying; and fly themselves, whosoever would follow her.

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XI.

*The Quacks Directory.*

**H**AVING observed the Prodigious  
 success of Modern *Quackery*, and  
 that the Practice of it is lately become  
 a Last shift, more common and thriving  
 too, then selling of *Ale*, or setting  
 up a *Coffee-House*. And finding  
 still abundance of indigent Idle People,  
 that could never make their outward  
 Handicrafts sadge to purpose, who  
 would be glad to exchange 'em for so  
 genteel and advantageous an Employ,  
 had they but the secret Knack, where-  
 by other Bankrupts with small pains  
 and less parts, have in an instant raised  
 themselves from Beggary, to competent  
 Estates. Out of our great respect  
 to such hearty well-willers to so  
 secure and gainful science; we have  
 thought fit to unfold the whole *Mystery*;  
 as 'tis this day practised with so  
 much profit and applause: Draw near  
 then with attention, all you decayed  
*Ragamuffins* of the Town; you by  
 whose

whose Dulness, no Mechanick Mystery but scorns to be Master'd, who neither Sea nor Gibbet will accept; we'll put you in a way of feeding your selves and the Worms too: Honest no doubt, because common and safe; for why, your miscariages shall never be heard for the Dinn of Knells you occasion. -- But to deliver our Documents in order:

*First*, To pass for currant, you have no more to do but to call your selves Doctors; *Pliny* hath affirm'd it before: And though I neither expect nor desire you shou'd understand *Latin*, yet because a scrap may do you a kindness, one time or other to Swagger with, I'll give it you in his own Language: *Hac sola Arte, evenit quod quilibet Se Medicum dicenti facile credatur, Cum sit periculum in nullo Mendacio Majus*. In this Art alone it comes to pass, that any one but professing himself a Physician, is presently believed; though in no case the belief of a lye be more dangerous. I have English'd this for the benefit of those that do not understand *Latin*; and I have no quarrel at all against those that do. However, in the second place, to support

support this Title, there are several things very convenient; of which some are External *Accoutrements*, others Internal *Qualifications*.

Your outward Requisites, are a decent *Black Suit*, and (if your credit will stretch so far in *Long-Lane*) a *Plush-Jacket*; not a Pin the worse, though Thread-bare as a Taylors Cloak; it shows the more Reverend Antiquity.

Secondly, Like *Mercury*, you must always carry a *Caduceus* or *Conjuring-Japan* in your Hand, capt with a *Cigaret-Box*; with which you must walk with Spanish Gravity, as in deep contemplation upon an Arbitrament between Life and Death.

Thirdly, A convenient Lodging, not forgetting a Hatch at the Door: A Chamber hung either with *Dutch Pictures*, or *Looking-Glasses*, belitter'd with Urinals or empty Gallipots, and Vials fill'd with Tap-dropings or Fair water, colour'd with Saunders; any Sexton will furnish your Window with a Skull, in hope of your Custom; over which hang up the Skeleton of a Monkey, to proclaim your Skill in Anatomy.

Fourth-

*Fourthly*, Let your Table be never without some old musty *Greek* or *Arabick* Author, and the 4th Book of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy*, wide open, to amuse spectators; with half a dozen of *Gilt Shillings*, as so many *Guineys* received that morning for *Fees*.

*Fifthly*, Fail not to oblige Neighbouring Ale-houses, to recommend you to Inquirers; and hold Correspondence with all the Nurses and Midwives near you, to applaud your Skill, at Gossipings.

Now to your necessary Qualifications, they are in general two, viz. *Loquacity* or *Talkativeness*, and *Impudence*.

As for the first, 'Tis a mighty Setter-off amongst the Vulgar: Be sure therefore you learn to pronounce *Oppilation* and *Obstruction* of the Spleen, and *Schirrhou*s of the Liver, with a full Mouth: at least speak hard Words, though never so wretchedly *misapply'd*, and obscure common ordinary things in *Terms of Art*, (for all the use you are to make of such *Terms*, is the same Juglers do of *Fictum* *Doctum* and *Presto*, to amuse Peoples Brains

Brains while you pick their Pockets.) If you can but but get so far as to call the Fit of an Ague, a *Paroxysme*, Firs of the Mother, *Histerical Passions*: Thunder out *Sympathetical* and *Antipathetical* Cures; prate of the *Mechanisme* of Nature, though you know no more on't than a Plowman does of Clock-work. Tell 'em of appeasing the *irritated Archeical Microcosmical Monarch*, increasing the *Radical Moisture*, and relieving all the Powers, *Vital, Natural, and Animal*: The admiring Patient shall certainly cry you up for a great Scholard; provided always your nonsense be fluent, and mixt with a disparagement of the *Colledge, Graduated Doctors, Book-learn'd Physicians*; against whom you must ever be sure to bring in your high and mighty word *EXPERIENCE*.

But since every man is not endued with the Gift of *Tatling*, and 'tis fit you should learn, like a *Dutchman*, to sail with every Wind: If niggardly Nature, or more penurious Education, have not afforded you a Tongue well hung; make a Virtue of necessity, look *Grave* and *Big*, decline all Discourse; especially if *Ingenious Men* be by: Tell them  
*Diseases*



*Diseases* are not to be frighted away with Words, that you do not come to *Talk* but to *Cure*, &c. This will at once conceal your Ignorance from the Judicious, and increase your esteem for a notable reserv'd *Paty* Fellow, with others. If any ask the cause of their *Distempers*, or reason of your *Prescription*, satisfy them both, by producing a List of your *mighty Cures*; wherein if one half be *false*, and the other *hired*, there is no great danger: For he must be a strange inquisitive Infidel, that will not rather believe them, than give himself the trouble of disproving 'em. Which brings me to the second property,

A convenient *Audacity*; There is nothing more necessary, nothing more advantageous. Make People believe no *Picht-field* e'er *flew* or *wounded* half so many as you have *recover'd*; That you have made *Death* retreat, where, Nature was more fiercely beleaguerr'd than ever *Stetin* was, and disappointed him of more *Bits* than *Civil* or *Foreign Wars* have furnish'd him with these Forty Years: That you have even *Beckon'd* Souls back again, that have been some Leagues onwards their Journey

Journey from their Bodies : Boast the wonders that you have done at *Leyden* and *Hamburgh*, the *Lazzaretto* at *Venice*, and the *Maisons de Dieu* at *Paris* : That your Closets are *Immortality Offices*, and that you can let *Leases of Lives* of a larger Date than a *Suit in Chancery* : Pretend the Cure of all Diseases, especially such as are Incurable; and to know which are most in season, consult the *Bills of Mortality*; and next Week vary your Bill accordingly.

In particular, Since the whole Art of Physick consists in the Diagnosticks, Prognosticks, and Therapenticks; For the first two you must either pretend to be *Waterologers*, or (which is more abstruse and modish) *Ag-strologers*; *Piss-prophets*, or *Starr-wizards*; either way will do well enough, and to speak truth, are much of a certainty : In both there is necessary a *Previous pumping*, by apt and wary Questions; and their Answers handsomely turned into other words, will extreamly gratifie the *Patient* or *Querent*. If you practice by the *Urinal*, though 'tis as like to discover the colour of a Sick-mans Cloaths, as his Infirmities; yet  
a thousand

a thousand to one but with discreet handling, you may *shake* it into the *Scurvey*, the *Pox*, or the *Consumption*; Nay you may venture to tell what Trade your Patient is of, by his Working-days Water, and if you see but his Sundays Water, what Religion he is of; But if you proceed by the *Scheme*, there is nothing so probable as to say, He is *Bewitch'd*, under an *Ill-Tongue*; That he is *Planc̃t strucken*, and the Lord of the *Seventh* shews you to be the only Doctor in the World that can help him; only here beware that you never pronounce a Common-Council-Man with *Child*, or a Constable Sick of the *Mother*; and in other cases, if your Judgment chance not to hit the Nail on the Head, 'tis but having recourse to necessary Prudence, called by the Superstitious, the Art of *Lying*. As to tell 'em their Stomach is fallen out of the place, but you doubt not but to fetch it up again: That they have Straws in their *Lungs* as big as Beams, and their *Livers* wasted with Venery and Drinking. Then as for *Therapenticks*, if your Medicines be *Galenical*, though never so common, disguise them with strange Names.

call *Sena*, a *Specifick*; *Meikridate*, an *Elixir*; *Extractum Rudii*, an *Arcanum*, and add a *Nostrum* to *Album Gracum*; But if you would rather betake your self to *Chymical Devices*, and want Nonsense to cant their virtues; there are Pamphlets enough abroad to furnish you. The Tincture of the *Suns Beard*; the Powder of the *Moons Horns*; or a Quintessence extracted from the Souls of the *Heathen Gods*; will go off rarely for an Universal Medicine; and bubble the simple out of their *Money* first, and their *Lives* afterwards.

But to deal Ingeniously, I will teach you a far more ready and curious way, both of finding out and curing all Diseases, than has yet been discovered; which is thus: Take two large Sheets of Paper, on one write down (or get the Book-learn'd Scribe that writes your Bills to do it for you) the names of all ordinary *Distempers*; on the other all celebrated Medicines, whether *Catharticks*, *Diureticks*, *Diaphoreticks*, *Emeticks*. Then when any Patient comes or sends, and you have heard the story, Retire a while, telling them a true Physician must first study

H

and

and then *Prescribe* : In the mean time, by your self, on the Roll of Infirmities, fling a *Dye*, and as many as the chance is, so many Diseases, you may assure them the Party has ; principally that whereon the *Dye* falls ; Then do the same on the Paper of *Remedies*, and *Prescribe* or *Administer* that which the *Dye* lights on, to be taken so many times as there are spots on the chance. And if the sick be pain'd in the *Head*, you may easily *Discourse* them into a perswasion that the Disease (or at least the *Cause*) is in their *Hand* or *Toe* : By which safe and ingenious course, you shall honestly refer it to *Fortune*, to discover both the Disease and Medicine ; whereas others through a conceited Knowledge, or unhappy Ignorance, render themselves more than Accessary to the Death of Many.

XII.

*Of a Young Enamourist.*

**H**E's one who as soon as he has quitted his School-boys *Toys*, next *Toy* he gets is a Mistress, when 'twould make you forswear *Love* to see how ridiculous he makes it; and to hear him talk of Gods and Goddesses, you would take him for some Pagan never converted to Christianity. There is nothing so cold as to hear him talk of *Flames*, nor so dull as his discourse of *Cupids* darts; and to hear him sigh like a dry Pump, or broken-winded Bellows, you would ne're wonder at *Lapland Witches* affording winds so cheap. Of all Servants he is the necessariest and easiest to content and feed, for he is his Mistress's *Squire*, *Dispencer*, *Laque*, or *Messenger*; but above all, her *Fool*, to which he is bound by the Proverb; 'Tis impossible to love and be wise: Mean time you may

feed him cheaper then a *Camelion*, for a good look serves him a week at least, and he is prouder of holding his Mistresses Busk or Fan, then a School-boy with a Scepter in his hand, playing the Emperours part i'th' School; to keep him to which, his Mistress lets him know that 'tis with Love as 'tis with War, which once declared, you are to expect nothing but Hostility; and knows her self, that 'tis with Lovers as it is with Anglers, who feed the Fish e're they are caught; but caught once, feed on them: whence she bites not greedily at the bait, but craftily tolls him on with hopes, and like a Rope-maker goes backwards still, the better to advance her work, and draw him on; mean while he follows her so long, till either he wax weary and ceases his pursuit, or catches her tripping, and then falls down on her, when fastning her in the Marriage Nooze, he carries her away, and either turns kind *Cuckold*, and keeps open house for all; or jealous *Coxcomb*, and shuts his door against every One.



XIII

*Of an Honest Drunken Cur.*

**H**E's a Pickl'd Youth to be sure,  
for he always lyes steep'd in his  
own Liquor; of which, like a Whale,  
he carries so much about him, that  
when-ever he disgorges, he may swim  
away in his own Flood. Clap but a  
good Sucker into his Belly, and he  
makes an excellent Parish Pump:  
And if you add but a Pipe to his Muz-  
zle, he may pass for a Water-Engine,  
and do good service in time<sup>o</sup> of Fire,  
You need not fear drawing him dry,  
so long as all the Alehouses and Ta-  
vern<sup>s</sup> in Town, like little Rivulets,  
supply the decrease: He contains a-  
bout as much as those in Churches;  
but is so uncouth a Trough, he's twice  
as hard to be Gaug'd: Yet by frequent  
experience he can guess his Measure to  
a Pint, especially if you except Leak-  
age. His Veins are so throng'd, and

his Blood so tainted with Scurvey, Gout and Dropsy, (and a smatch of the *French-man* to boot, which he got when he was Drunk, and does not know who to lay it to) That he defies the Intrusion of any other Distemper: wherefore he Stalks in as much State through a Pestilence, as a well Arm'd Souldier through a shower of Bullets; for his forementioned Diseases have taken such large Possession of his Body, that there's no room left for Infection.

He has drunk himself into a Jelly, and is so moist, that if you squeeze him, he drops like an Orange.

His Body is a perfect Still, which he fuels with Brandy instead of Char-coal; being thoroughly, heated; you may discern the sweaty Distillation trickle from his face, as from the Lid of a Limbeck; and if any chance to drop on his Nose, you may hear it hiss as if it fell upon heated Bricks. In fine though he always lives Joakingly and Merry, he hates nothing more than a dry Jest.

Thus having acquainted you with his Constitution, I shall only consider him in his Conversation, and  
Friend-

Friendship, and so leave him to sleep out his nap.

And first for his Conversation; To take him in the Morning (for who can find him all the Day after?) he prevents his Prayers with a Pipe of Tobacco, and Smoaks at such a Rate, as if he prefer'd Sacrifice to Devotion. A Tinder-box is as necessary to him, as a green Bagg to an Attorney's Clerk, with which he seems as ravish'd as *Alexander* with the *Odisses*, for he cannot sleep unless it lye under his Pillow. In that little night he makes, he cannot so properly be said to sleep, as to Chew the Cudd on his Quotidian Debauchery; for he often disturbs the repose of a Family, with Muttering a Repetition of his Oaths and Healths. When he awakes, he stares about with such wild Curiosity, as one would fancy *Adam* did immediately after his Creation; for he generally makes himself so Drunk over Night, drowning his past Actions in Liquor and Oblivion, that he scarcely knows the the Morning from the Resurrection, and is hardly perswaded that ever he liv'd before.

But after he is convinc'd of the

affirmative, spends about a quarter of of an Hour in examining the Bed-posts and Windows, before he discovers whether he be in his own Lodging: And afterwards remains as doubtfull how he got thither.

Then Bed-staves and Slip-shoos go t o wrack, for clattering on the Bedstead, like Boys at the Bear-Garden, he calls up the People as Countrey Wenches do Swine, by knocking; and after a Petition for a Cup of Settle-Brain, begs them to resolve his Quærie; whereupon they tell him the truth, which indeed is, that either he came the old Porterly way, Cruch'd with a brace of Watch-men; or else the Modern and more Genteel way, viz. On Pick-pack, instead of a Sedan.

Now although my *Honest Drunken Cur* be guilty of many Vices, which like Younger Brothers hang on this great one, which has got possession; Yet (*Give the Devil his due*) I think the World has Sully'd his Reputation with divers Scandals of which he is no ways Guilty: Wherefore because I only intend his Conversion, not his Condemnation; Like an honest Historian (since I write his Life) I ought not to

to see him wrong'd, but rather to rescue him from those Callumnies thrown on him, by persons in some respects worse then himself.

The first imputation therefore that they impose on him, is that he is proud: *And why forsooth?* but because when he has a *Drop in his Eye*; he brags as if he were a better man then his Neighbours. A stout reason indeed! as if a man might not do as much, that were either Light-headed, or in a Fever; Nay, Passion alone makes the wisest of us *Bedlams*. But let us do as we would be done by, and take him when he is himself, (that is, in a Morning) and then I am sure he is as free from Pride, as a Quaker from good Manners or Ribonds: for would Custom admit, I am confident he would rather go to the Ale-house Naked, than undergo the hard Pennance of Sobriety while he dresses himself.

*Secondly*, They call him an *Idle fellow*: a good fellow all the Word knows he is, but as for idleness, let me dye if I know any one more free from it then he; What would they have of him trow? he rises early, sits up late; and I dare Swear he grudges himself

It is

his

his very Sleep, because it keeps him from his Business: When he is at it, no Man more expeditious then he; for as if his Minutes, like his Estate, ran away too fast, you shall frequently see him with an Ale Glas in one hand, and a Looking-Glas in the other, which betokens both speed and frugality.

The third and most fallacious Accusation is, that they say, *He's Prodigal, and Pisses his Estate against the Wall.* But I am confident he Enriches or Perfumes the Walls no more than others; onely this I know he does, that whereas Usurers use to hide their Riches in Earthen Pots, he puts his Estate in a Pewter one, (which one would think were the safer Cabinet) so that it is not the *Honest Drunken Curr*, but the *Impudent Rogues, Drawers and Tapsters*, that imbezle and make it away.

Much more might be said of him both in his Vindication, and in commendation also: For he is one of the quietest Subjects his Majesty has, and most submissive to Monarchical Government. He would not be without a King, if it were for no other Reason than merely *Drinking his Health.* He hates Coffee,

Coffee, but dare not enter on a serious thought, or if hee doe, it is such Melancholy that it sends him to be drunke againe.

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XIV.

*A Baker.*

NO man verifies the Proverbe more, that it is an Almes-deed to punish him: for his penalty is a Dole, and do's the Beggars as much good as their Dinner. Hee abhors therefore workes of Charitie, and thinkes his Bread cast away when it is given to the poore. He loves not Iustice neither, for the *weigh-scales sake*, and hates the Clarke of the Market as his Executioner: yet hee finds mercy in his offences, and his Basket onely is sent to Prison. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and hee never heares well after.

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*A Catalogue of BOOKS,  
newly Printed for  
John Harris, at the  
Harrow, against the  
Church in the Poul-  
trey.*

[1] **T** *He Conviction of Worldly Van-  
ty: Or, The Wandering  
Prodigal, and his Return: In Two  
Parts. PART I.*

Containing his debate with himself  
about his setting forward in search of  
the Palace of *Worldly Felicity*; His  
hearkening to the Advice of *Folly*, and  
submitting himself to her Conduct;  
the manner of her furnishing him out;  
of the Progress he made, and the  
various Adventures he met with by  
the way: As also the Entertainment  
he found at his Arrival, and his Rio-  
rous

## A Catalogue of Books.

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